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WE are unable, as a rule, to take a very complete account of books which belong rather to the literature of learning than to that literature of commerce which necessarily occupies so much of our space, or to that literature of art which, of all forms of literature, seems to us most worthy of stimulus. But exceptional books demand exceptional treatment; and among such must certainly be reckoned the comprehensive and remarkable work which we owe to the fine scholarship and prolonged industry of the author of *The Golden Bough*. We could desire no better model for writers engaged in the pursuit of the more academic branches of letters to set before themselves. It is conceived and carried out on the lines of the best English tradition, uniting, as it does, the characteristic German thoroughness with a precision and finish of form which is more often found in French than in German treatises. Mr. Frazer is no pedant, piling up undigested learning in intolerable pages; he has the sense of style, and in spite of the vast mass of facts with which he has to wrestle, contrives throughout to be lucid, orderly, even elegant. You may read him for erudition; you may read him also, dipping almost anywhere into his three thousand pages, more or less, for entertainment. And the introduction, in which Mr. Frazer deals with the personality of Pausanias and the scope of his book, is a critical essay of the first water. Judicious and penetrative in its estimate of the writer, it is cast from beginning to end in nervous and scholarly English, and rises at times to heights of considerable eloquence. To the fascination of Greek scenery, and the rich associations of poetry which cling round it, Mr. Frazer is peculiarly sensitive. This is a fine passage on the "storied" land:

"Pausanias points out the old plane-tree which Menelaus planted before he went away

to the wars; the great cedar with an image of Artemius hanging among its boughs; the sacred cypresses called the Maidens, tall and dark and stately, in the bleak upland valley of Psophis; the myrtle-tree whose pierced leaves still bore the print of hapless Phædra's bodkin on that fair islanded coast of Troezen, where now the orange and the lemon bloom in winter; the pomegranate with its blood-red fruit growing on the grave of the patriot Menœceus, who shed his blood for his country. If he looks up at the mountains, it is not to mark the snowy peaks glistening in the sunlight against the blue, or the sombre pine-forests that fringe their crests, and are mirrored in the dark lake below; it is to tell you that Zeus or Apollo or the Sun-god is worshipped on their tops, that the Thyiad women dance on them above the clouds, or that Pan has been heard piping in their lonely coombs. The gloomy caverns, where the sunbeams hardly penetrate, with their fantastic stalactites and dripping roofs, are to him the haunts of Pan and the nymphs. The awful precipices of the Aroanian mountains, in the sunless crevices of which the snow-drifts never melt, would have been passed by him in silence, were it not that the water that trickles down their dark glistening face is the water of Styx. If he describes the smooth glassy pool which, bordered by reeds and tall grasses, still sleeps under the shadow of the shivering poplars in the Lernean swamp, it is because the way to hell goes down through its black unfathomed water."

The description of Greece by Pausanias, known as the *Periegete*, is a document of unexampled importance to students of antiquity. Pausanias was a Lydian by birth and a traveller by choice. He had visited Syria, Egypt, Rome itself. About the middle of the second century he set himself down to write a systematic account of the actual condition of the Greece of his day—its peoples, its monuments, its cults, to some extent its manners and customs. His work was executed in great detail and with remarkable accuracy, and remains an authority of the first class for the identification of sites and buildings, preserving in addition the memory of some antiquities and many customs which would otherwise have been lost. Pausanias' aim seems to have been thoroughly practical: he is the prototype of the Baedeker or Murray of to-day. And he wrote at a most happy time. Under the beneficent rule of the Antonines Greece was enjoying an Indian summer of peace and prosperity; her splendid literature was putting forth its last boughs in the youngest of the classics, Plutarch and Lucian. The greatness of the past had yet not quite faded into oblivion; and yet it was the past that was great. The vitality of Greece was exhausted. Pausanias looks backward with a deliberate and melancholy retrospection. He is a careful antiquary, gathering up shreds of custom and fragments of art that may any day be swept clean out of sight. His eyes are fixed on the heroic age from his standpoint in the decadence. His own interests appear to have been mainly religious and archaeological. Now and then he gives you an insight into the daily life, describing, for instance, how the apothecaries distil "balms for the hurts of men" from roses and irises upon the field of Chaeronea, where the last great stand for

Hellenic freedom was made. But for the most part he will turn away alike from daily life and from natural beauty when a monument or a cult is in question. Not to Pausanias, but to the fragments of Dicaearchus, must you turn for that pretty description of the women of Thebes:

"The women are the tallest, prettiest and most graceful in Greece. Their faces are so muffled up that only their eyes are seen. All of them dress in white and wear low purple shoes laced so as to show the bare feet. Their yellow hair is tied up in a knot on the top of the head. In society their manners are Sicyonian rather than Boeotian. They have pleasing voices, while the voices of the men are harsh and deep."

Pausanias, alas! had no eyes for the women of Thebes; he is too intent on the Ismenian sanctuary and the career of Epaminondas. And so it is everywhere. Men and women, his contemporaries, are little to him:

"For all the notice he takes of them, Greece might almost have been a wilderness, and its cities uninhabited or peopled only at rare intervals by a motley throng who suddenly appeared as by magic, moved singing through the streets in gay procession with flaring torches and waving censers, dyed the marble pavements with the blood of victims, filled the air with the smoke and savour of their burning flesh, and then melted away as mysteriously as they had come, leaving the deserted streets and temples to echo only to the footstep of some solitary traveller who explored with awe and wonder the monuments of his race."

Pausanias, then, has his limitations. But to the folklorist and the art student he is invaluable. His descriptions of cults and rituals bring you down to strata of Greek religious belief quite distinct and of earlier significance than the familiar mythology which owes so much, after all, to poetic imagination. He discovers some of the actual working observances and superstitions of an Aryan peasantry, with their curious touches of savagery, their curious likeness to customs which lie at the root of the world's fairy tales, and are effective to the present day in lands remote from civilisation. He will tell you, for instance, how at the festival of the Dædala the Plateans will deck fourteen wooden images in bridal array, will drive them upon wagons to the top of Cithæron, and there, at a solemn sacrifice, will burn images and victims together in a mighty blaze. Or he will tell you how at Troezen, when the south-west gales from the Saronic Gulf threaten the tender vine-buds, the husbandmen will tear in half a white-feathered cock, run round the vineyards with the pieces, and then bury them in the earth for the protection of the crops. One thing, alas! he will not tell you—the secret of the mysteries; what it was they did in the great hall at Eleusis, or Andania, when the doors were shut upon the initiated and the *profanum vulgus* left to gape outside. Religious curiosity and love for the historic renown of his country alike led Pausanias to take an interest in the monuments. In such sanctuaries as the graveyard of Athens he loved to linger. And well he might:

"There almost every name was a history as full of proud or mournful memories as the names carved on the tombs in Westminster and St.

Paul's, or stitched on the tattered and blackened banners that drop from the walls of our churches. The annals of Athens were written on these stones—the story of her restless and inspiring activity, her triumphs in art, in eloquence, in arms, her brief noon of glory and her long twilight of decrepitude and decay. No wonder that our traveller paused among monuments which seemed, in the gathering light of barbarism, to catch and reflect some beams of the bright day that was over, like the purple light that lingers on the slopes of Hymettus when the sun has set on Athens."

Theatres, temples, tombs, treasuries—these Pausanias rarely passes by without a mention. And of the greater works of art his descriptions are detailed and exact. Modern excavations have confirmed and been confirmed by many of them. And often enough the notes of Pausanias alone preserve the record of vanished splendours. Of the famous paintings of Polygnotus at Delphi only a patch of blue paint on a wall remains; yet from Pausanias' pages archaeologists have made shift to reconstruct the scheme and composition of them all. Moreover, as Mr. Frazer is careful to point out, the taste of Pausanias seems to have been uncommonly good. Like Lucian, the keenest literary intelligence of his day, he selects for admiration precisely what the cultivated modern mind most applauds; Phidias, Alcamenes, and even the more archaic pre-Phidian things are his favourites: most of the work of the decadence, Scopas and Lysippus themselves, he is austere enough to pass by uncommended. This is the more notable, in that Pausanias was by no means on Lucian's level, intellectually. Mr. Frazer defines him for us as rather an average man, "made of common stuff and cast in a common mould." He belongs to the better type of tourist, and has many of the qualities of the class, the somewhat discursive inquisitiveness, the conventional ethical judgment, the ready but not very penetrating verdict. He had literary ambitions, but small literary skill; his style is a halting, clumsy thing, which has lost simplicity without attaining to eloquence. He is no philosopher, but is touched with philosophic rationalism. He accepts the orthodoxy of his day, with exceptions. His disbeliefs are sporadic and arbitrary. Sometimes he will explain away a myth as an allegory, sometimes he permits himself a decent scepticism. That Zeus was changed into a cuckoo, or Narcissus into a flower, he can hardly swallow; or that beasts listened to Orpheus as he sang, or that Orpheus himself went down to hell in search of Eurydice. But of the gods themselves, and their powers, he suggests no doubt. Similarly he is chary in his acceptance of travellers' tales:

"Among the fish in the Arsanius are the so-called spotted fish. They say these spotted fish sing like a thrush. I saw them after they had been caught, but I did not hear them utter a sound, though I tarried by the river till sunset, when they were said to sing most."

"Fish-tales," you observe, are of early origin. This, then, is the manner of man Pausanias was. Mr. Frazer concludes with a defence of his author's veracity and value

as an authority, both of which have been impugned.

The first volume of Mr. Frazer's work contains a translation of the text of Pausanias, and the remarkable introduction to which we have already referred. The sixth is an index. The remaining four are occupied by a commentary, in which are liberally inserted a number of maps and plans, and of other illustrations, mostly reproductions of coins. Mr. Frazer's plan is to follow his author closely, and to supplement his statements on points of topography, folklore and antiquities by all the available modern information at his disposal. This is partly derived from two personal visits to Greece, but mainly from the vast stores of Mr. Frazer's wide illustrative reading. Copious references to innumerable authorities—English, French, and German—are given throughout, and space is often saved, on points of folklore, by reference to the author's *Golden Bough*. Mr. Frazer not only has the learning of the matter at his finger-ends, he has the gift of summarising, briefly and clearly, the essential points of an elaborate investigation; and his commentary becomes practically an encyclopædia of the very extensive archaeological excavations carried out in Greece, mainly by the archaeological schools at Athens during the last quarter of the century. The chief centres of this work have been at Mycenæ and the neighbouring centres of pre-Achæan civilisation, at Athens and Eleusis, at Olympia, at Megalopolis, at Delphi; and in each case the results up to the latest possible date are garnered up by Mr. Frazer. The very latest discoveries of all, those made by the French at Delphi, find a place in the fifth volume. The Delphic remains include, in addition to the great temple of Apollo, a large number of "treasuries," which stand beside the Sacred Way, within the precinct, and contain the offerings of the particular states by whom they were dedicated. The friezes of one of these, variously ascribed to the Siphnians and Cnidians, have recently been unearthed, and prove to be very perfect examples of the best sixth century sculpture. Mr. Frazer gives an excellent heliogravure of portions of this frieze, as well as a full description. It is the most important of recent additions to our knowledge of Greek art.

Adequately to deal with Mr. Frazer's *magnum opus* within the space at our disposal is impossible. We trust that we have said enough to show that it is a work which no scholar or lover of antiquity can afford to neglect. To have produced it is an honour to Cambridge and to England.

#### AUDUBON.

*Audubon and His Journals.* By Maria R. Audubon. With Zoological and other Notes by Elliott Coues. 2 vols. (Nimmo.)

It would not be possible within any reasonable limits even to touch briefly on the immense number of interesting topics raised in these handsome and substantial volumes.

We shall therefore confine our attention to what the naturalist's granddaughter describes as their main object: "I have tried only to put Audubon *the man* before my readers." At this time of day it is by no means easy to form a just estimate of his singular character. The old jealousies of ornithologists—of George Ord and Waterton and Alexander Wilson, for instance—have not ceased to operate. Peeping through the tangle, on one side is the picture of a vain, selfish, unhelpful, jealous rival; on the other is the gay and kind Audubon of family tradition. How are we to decide which is the real man, which the mere emanation of an image of him conjured up either by friendly or hostile minds?

The first step towards some degree of clearness is to remember that, naturalised in America and married to an English wife, Audubon was French, and typical of his nation. To assert after this that he was not vain would be a contradiction in terms. The man is not wanting in what the Scotch call "a guid conceit" of himself who lingers on the idea that he is a Napoleon of his own craft, and sets down with evident pleasure a chance caller's remark that his features resemble those of the great conqueror. Nor if you listen to Audubon comparing his own bird-pictures with those of anyone else will you blame him for excessive modesty. Yet, as is often the case with Frenchmen, his vanity was of the most harmless and natural description, and so free from envy and ill-feeling as to disarm the fault-finder. For the key to the enigma is that a fine simplicity was the basis of his character. Sir Walter Scott—than whom a more acute judge of men never lived—discerned this at the first interview. "His countenance" (we quote from Scott's *Journal*) "acute, handsome, and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant characteristic." Audubon's graphic description of the great novelist is well worth transcribing:

"Sir Walter came forward, pressed my hand warmly, and said he 'was glad to have the honour of meeting me'; his long, loose silvery locks struck me; he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of Benjamin West; he had the great benevolence of William Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I could not forbear looking at him; my eyes feasted on his countenance. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial being; his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. His little room was tidy, though it partook of the character of a laboratory. He was wrapped in a quilted morning-gown of light purple silk; he had been at work writing on the *Life of Napoleon*. He writes close lines, rather curved as they go from left to right, and puts an immense deal on very little paper."

Lovers of old Edinburgh will find much to interest them in the "European" Journal, which fills most of the first volume. Audubon had gone to make arrangements for the publication of his great work, and the keen observer graphically describes such celebrities as Lord Jeffreys and Christopher North, the clever old ladies for whom in the old days the modern Athens was famous, the dinners of boiled sheep's head, the potations of smoky whisky that nearly choked him. But there was one occurrence



that moved him with the force of tragedy. He was an Absalom as to his hair, which he wore long, and society ruthlessly decreed that he should be shorn. The dreadful sacrifice was recorded in his journal within a deep black border. The entry, of which a facsimile is given, reads thus:

"March 19, 1827.—This day my hair was sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution, when the same operation was performed on all the victims murdered by the guillotine; my heart sank low."

He had come to this country imbued with a French hatred of England, natural enough to the time, but was agreeably surprised by the unostentatious kindness and ready appreciation with which he was met. Paris, far richer in professions, was wretched in performance, and he draws his countrymen with a very disappointed pen:

"September 15.—France, my dearest friend, is indeed poor! This day I have attended at the Royal Academy of Sciences, and had all my plates spread over the different large tables and they were viewed by about one hundred persons. 'Beau! bien beau!' issued from every mouth; but 'Quel ouvrage! Quel prix!' as well. I said that I had thirty subscribers at Manchester; they seemed surprised, but acknowledged that England, the little isle of England, alone was able to support poor Audubon. Poor France! thy fine climate, thy rich vineyards, and the wishes of the learned avail nothing; thou art a destitute beggar and not the powerful friend thou wast reputed to be."

We must forbear further quotation, but it would be extremely interesting to reproduce some of his account of the visit to New-castle and meeting with Thomas Bewick, the old engraver being then over seventy but as full of kindness and vigour as ever.

The "Labrador" and "Missouri River" Journals, which end vol. i., are attractive mainly from a zoological point of view. Audubon was not a deeply learned naturalist; it was the solid labour of MacGillivray that gave enduring value to his *Birds of America*. But his writing has the same graphic, animated style that makes the charm of his pictures, and a certain impressionableness enables him to render the atmosphere and felling of wood, river, sea, or swamp with unexcelled force. The second volume is mainly taken up with "episodes," written for his ornithological biography. Derived, as they are, from frontier, woodland, and prairie when these were still unsettled, what strikes us most is the romantic material they contain. There is, in particular, one called "The Death of a Pirate," so strange and horrible that it might well have suggested another *Treasure Island* to R. L. S., for the bare record leaves wide scope to the imagination. The ruffian died after slaying all his pursuers, but he would have none of confession or of spiritual advice, regarding death as no more than a jest, were it not for the pain. Only from his broken words do we gain an inkling of his wild and lurid career.

From these fragmentary jottings the reader will perhaps be able to form at least a rough

idea of this remarkable book; and perhaps it will be best to leave him to form his own opinion of its hero—the simple, vain, affectionate man of the woods; musician, artist, writer, naturalist, and hunter; at once Parisian, savage, and man of the world. Whatever else may happen, he shows at least one quality in this book for which we are grateful—he is always entertaining.

#### LITERARY INDIA.

*A Literary History of India.* By R. W. Frazer. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is an excellent, an invaluable book, filling a want which must often have been felt by the reader who, not a specialist, nevertheless wishes to know something of a literature which he dimly understands to be important. The learning and reading which have gone to the compilation of Mr. Frazer's volume are great, yet he handles them with a clearness and order too frequently absent from books of this kind. He fails only where all Europeans fail—in his comments on Hindoo religious beliefs, rites, and philosophies, which are the outside comments of a Western rationalist, misleading rather than helpful. But this we expect, when the West writes of the East. And his account of these things is accurate. It would be a mistake to regard the book solely as a history of Hindoo literature. It more resembles a history of Hindoo thought. Not only are special sections devoted to the exposition of Brahmanism and Buddhism, but the various Hindoo philosophies are dealt with in their historical order. Now the history of philosophy in the East is equivalent to the history of religion in the West. It may be conceived, therefore, how large a task the author has set himself; since he has also to incorporate a certain amount of political history to keep things together, and render them intelligible. We could wish, almost, that the book had been strictly an account of Hindoo literature, in the narrower sense. As it is, the space devoted to individual poets, &c., is so small that the outsider gets but little knowledge of their character; while of the philosophies we doubt whether he will get any knowledge at all. The account of Kapila's teaching, for example, is unintelligible to an outsider without certain necessary explanations; such as that sound and touch, &c., do not signify the senses so-called, but certain modes of substance, analogous to the forces which produce sound and touch on this earth—a very complicated conception, not to be explained or understood in few words. In the same way, to translate *manas* by "mind," and *linga-sarira* by "a subtle body" gives the English reader no notion of Kapila's meaning.

But it is to the literature proper that most readers will turn. Many of us can hardly conceive those swarthy myriads as having a literature at all. In truth, it is a singularly different literature from our own. The great drama of Kalidasa, "Sakuntala," has hardly

any action. It depends almost wholly on the beauty of its verse; and accordingly it is not possible to give any idea of it. Bhavabhuti is the great dramatist usually associated with Kalidasa, and of him Mr. Frazer gives specimens—extracts from an incantation scene—which may be appalling in the original, but certainly are not in the translation. The difficulty here, in fact, as with regard to all foreign literature, is translation. It is seldom that the gift of song is combined with the gift of Sanscrit; and too surely that fortunate union has not been attained by the translators of whose versions Mr. Frazer makes use. The most interesting specimen of drama which he gives is also by far the longest, and is from a play with the euphonious title of "The Mud Cart." It is exceedingly singular to the Western reader. The heroine, who is devoted to the hero, a pious Brahman, and is pursued by the villain, the king's brother-in-law, is a girl whom Mr. Frazer euphemistically calls a "wanton," and the Brahman's wife apparently assents to the connexion. Of the two great Hindoo epics, the "Ramayana" and the "Mahābhārata," we have only the stories given us. Of the "Kural," the "masterpiece of South Indian genius," we have specimen couplets in the version of Dr. Pope, which, we are assured, preserves "in an unrivalled manner the form of the Eastern setting." They are like this:

"The pangs that evening brings I never knew,  
Till he, my wedded spouse, from me withdrew."

"Though free from fault, from loved one's  
tender arms  
To be estranged a while hath its own special  
charms."

No, it will not do. The joys of reading such poetry we leave to others. We are content to know that the "Kural" is a very fine poem, and to wait till we can read Tamil. The one thing which comes alive out of the ordeal of translation is the Vedic hymns. These, doubtless, depend more upon ideas and less upon cunning language, hence the way in which they retain their force. Take this line or two from the "Rig-Veda":

"Goddess of wild and forest who seemest to  
vanish from the sight,  
How is it thou seekest not the village? Art  
thou afraid?"

Here one is calling to the cows, another there  
has felled a tree.  
At eve the dweller in the wood fancies that  
somebody hath screamed."

There is conveyed a sudden sense and picture of the "spirit in the woods."

It must, however, be remembered that Mr. Frazer's object is to present a history of literary development, not to give a series of specimens. And the book, though difficult to quote, is most interesting to read. Very remarkable is the extent to which the mystical loves of Krishna and Radha became the almost exclusive theme of the later Indian poems, from Jaya Deva to Sūr Dās. Under this symbol was signified the desire of the Soul for the Over-Soul; and the same theme, in a narrative rather than

lyric form, was sung by Tulsi Das (whom Mr. Frazer calls the "great master-poet of Northern India"), Rama and Sita taking the place of Krishna and Radha. In the Middle Ages this *cultus* even had its female poet, commentator, and prophetess in the person of Mira Bai. Mr. Frazer has brought his book down to modern times, and concludes with a survey of the writers who are endeavouring to unite Eastern and Western ideas in literature; the novels of Bankim Chatterji, the poems of Toru Dutt, are things singularly interesting to the English mind. Whether the experiment of writing novels in a country where that form is not native, and suchlike Western innovations, will really produce a revival of national literature, remains to be seen. But whatever may be the new literature, here is an excellent book on the old.

### THE LATER RENAISSANCE.

*The Later Renaissance.* By David Hannay.  
"Periods of European Literature."  
(Blackwood.)

THIS instalment of literary history begins with Spain, and Spain is the interest of the book. There is perhaps some injustice to other countries which might claim to represent the *Later Renaissance* more properly than Spain, but this is of little importance. The proper test for a literary history of this scale is whether it encourages the reader to learn more of the books and the authors that it treats of; and Mr. Hannay's history is one that quickens curiosity in the right way. It leaves the reader properly discontented with his own ignorance and want of spirit, and in a mood for exploration. There can be no doubt where his course will lie, if he follows this director: not to the Italians of the age of Tasso, not even by preference to watch the adventures and experiments of the French poets, and the rising of the *Pleiad*; but to the South-West, to the stage of Lope and Calderon, to the Sierra Morena, even (though here Mr. Hannay is not quite so encouraging) to look for the humours of the market-place in the confessions of Lazarillo and his kin.

On one point an objection must be entered, without hesitation. It is scarcely comprehensible that Mr. Hannay, with his love of the language, and his ear for the fluent rhythms of the natural Castilian verse, should apologise for the ballads, and deprecate comparison with Lockhart's rendering. It may be admitted that the two things are very unlike; there is a wide difference between the Spanish simplicity and the clinking smartness of the translation. There may still be some fortunate people in this country who, knowing the *romancero*, are ignorant of the English imitations. They may be warned, if they have any respect or gratitude for the biographer of Scott, to leave his Spanish ballads alone, and believe that those, in their turn, are at their best in the cheerful minstrelsy of Bon Gaultier.

Mr. Hannay quotes from Lockhart:

"I ride from land to land,  
I sail from sea to sea;  
Some day more kind I fate may find,  
Some night kiss thee."

"What can be more pretty or more fit?" asks Mr. Hannay; and then he repeats, and condemns as bathos, the stanza that begins:

"Andando de Sierra en Sierra  
Por orillas de la mar"—

a ballad measure that certainly has a different kind of fitness from the *staccato* monosyllables of Lockhart's song. Mercifully, he forbears to quote Lockhart's dull defacement of the *Rime of the Count Arnaldos*. This is the only serious blemish in Mr. Hannay's criticism; the drama, the books of chivalry, the *gusto picaresco*, and more besides of the great classes of Spanish literature are represented shortly, yet in no perfunctory manner. In the dramatic part one essential thing is brought out, namely, the true dramatic life of the comedies of "Cloak and Sword," some of which are to this day among the liveliest of all old plays. Concealments and surprises have never been better managed than in those comedies. It is perhaps to be regretted that the plan and limits of the book seem to have left out the French dramatists who did so much to make "Spanish plays" the fashion; they gave those plots a vogue in England that lasted at any rate to the days of Mrs. Jordan, who played Beatrice in Kemble's *Pannel*, a comedy derived from Calderon. Some things, it is true, were incommunicable and untranslatable in the Spanish comedies—the grace of the language, the dignity of manner, the harmony of honour and levity, in the *Fairy Lady* of Calderon and all her numerous sisters.

The literature to which the title of "Later Renaissance" is most applicable, the Italian, is not treated here with equal zest. Perhaps the title is not taken quite seriously enough, though the concluding chapter does a good deal to give a summary and commanding view of the changes which are called by the worshipful name of *Renaissance*. In the treatment of French literature, as has been already remarked, there is some want of congruity with the Spanish chapter. Alexandre Hardy is left for the next volume: it would be interesting to see his romantic experiments in drama set against their contemporaries in Spain, and even to have the archaic arrangement of his stage referred to, in comparison with the Autos of Calderon, and their adherence to the old customs of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays. But these points are unimportant; the great thing is to have written a new guide book for some of the brightest regions of literature, which will bear the test of actual travel in those countries. It is, perhaps, unavoidable that the more familiar history of Elizabethan literature in this volume should be a little put out of countenance by the foreign glories of Spain and France with which it is here allied.

### MR. GREGORY'S LETTER-BOX.

*Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box, 1813-1830.* Edited by Lady Gregory. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THIS volume will be of interest to students rather of politics than of letters. William Gregory became Under-Secretary for Ireland in 1813. His post made him head of the permanent administration of Irish affairs, the much debated Dublin Castle, as well as bear-leader to successive Viceroy and Chief Secretaries. He served under Lord Talbot, Lord Wellesley, and Lord Anglesey, and lost his office shortly after the passing of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. The letters now published by Lady Gregory are drawn from the correspondence of her husband's grandfather during those years, now in the hands of his descendants. They are mostly official or semi-official in character, and though many of them are merely applications for tide-waiterships and other places of emolument, others throw a good deal of light on the troublous times that preceded Emancipation and on the opposition of Gregory and his like to that measure. Lady Gregory appears to be by no means in sympathy with the "Castle" attitude towards Irish politics; nevertheless, she naturally tries to put her central figure in as favourable a light as may be. And indeed he was evidently a man of great personal popularity and even merit—amiable, courteous, desirous up to his very imperfect lights to do his duty to the country. But it is very obvious that his dismissal was inevitable if Peel's policy of conciliation was to have any chance of success. He had neither the imagination nor the sympathy necessary for the understanding of the Irish temperament. The letters that passed between him and that kindred spirit, Lord Talbot, show a determination to thwart in every way the growth of more liberal ideas than had hitherto prevailed at Dublin. The maintenance of Protestant ascendancy—that is their war-cry. At conciliators such as Grant or Lord Anglesey, who had at least the right spirit in them, even if they were occasionally wanting in official tact, the Castle makes a dead set. Lady Anne Gregory is instructed not to call on Lady Anglesey.

Gregory, himself an Englishman, was but little in contact with real Irishry, and, therefore, the reader's expectation of a budget of Hibernian humour must needs be disappointed. Such good stories as there are do not, as a rule, come from the letters, but have been worked in in the process of editing. The best is one told by Lord Cloncurry of a "barony constable" of the ante-Peel period. The only qualification of these guardians of the peace was a certificate of having taken the Sacrament at the parish church. Lord Cloncurry, in swearing in one of them, and expounding his official duties, came to that of preventing the straying or grazing of cattle on the public roads, and was interrupted with: "And where am I to keep my own little cow, my Lord?" There is a touch of humour, too, in the account of the Dublin Beef-steak Club,



which began as a musical, but afterwards became a Tory place of meeting. It was here that, when Lord Wellesley's removal from the post of Viceroy was announced, "The Exports of Ireland" was to his great indignation, given as a toast. Of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland in 1821 Lady Gregory tells us:

"He arrived after a good passage, during which much goose pie and whisky had been consumed. Word had just come of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. The story goes that 'Sire, your enemy is dead,' were the words he was greeted with. 'When did she die?' was his response. But the Queen was indeed also dead, and his Majesty was persuaded to wear a piece of crape round his arm during the festivities, which were in no way curtailed."

It is somewhat touching to learn that, although the Dublin crowds shouted for the King, they did not know how to cheer, as "they had not had much practice in the expression of public joy."

A prominent figure in the correspondence is old Lord Talbot of Ingestre, who had been Lord Lieutenant, but, like Gregory, though at an earlier date, was ousted by the spirit of conciliation. The two remained cronies, and wrote despairing letters to each other on the prospect of emancipation. Lord Talbot was a worthy old gentleman, but he could only speak of the Bill as "the horrible evil which is now hanging over us"; and when he saw that its passing had become inevitable, he writes to Gregory: "Depressed in spirits, deprived of hope, I wandered about London like one possessed with an Evil Spirit."

#### A TWELFTH-CENTURY SINGER.

*L'Estoire de la Sainte Guerre.* Par Ambroise. Publiée d'après le MS. unique du Vatican par Gaston Paris. (Paris, 1897.)

FOR nearly twenty-five years English mediævalists have been looking forward to the publication of the poem before us—a poem which, so far as its matter and its form are concerned, is worthy to take its place by the side of those two other rhyming products of the early French historical muse, Garnier's *Vie de St. Thomas de Cantorbire* and the anonymous *Life of the Great Earl Marshal*, so lately given to the world by M. Paul Meyer. It is singular, and perhaps not altogether to the credit of English scholarship, that these three works—each in its way of such capital importance for our early history—should be presented to the English-speaking public by foreign scholars. The "Song of Ambrose," now published for the first time in its entirety, is nothing less than a history of the Third Crusade, told from an English point of view in rhyming octosyllabic Old-French verse by an Anglo-Norman poet who was one of Richard Cœur-de-Lion's companions in that great enterprise from the moment of his leaving England in December, 1189, till

the day of his finally quitting Palestine in October, 1192. Like Garnier de Pont Ste Maxence, the author of the *Chanson de la Guerre Sainte* was a minstrel by profession. The cachet of his occupation is on every page. Does he wish to praise the valour of Geoffrey de Lusignan at the barricades of Acre—he tells us that the hero dealt blows of which a "Roland" or an "Oliver" might be proud; and the later songs of Tristran, and of Aspremont; those of the "Saisnes," of "Arthur," and of Pepin, were as familiar to him as was the "Chanson de Roland" itself. But he prides himself on having something better to give his audience than doubtful history or palpable fable.

"Of these old *chansons de geste*," he writes, "those of which minstrels make so great a to-do—I cannot tell you whether they be false or no, nor could I ever find a man who would go warrant for their truth; but all that I tell you of the heat and cold and sufferings endured before Acre is truth, aye and a right good story it is to listen to."

It is with something of a minstrel's disappointment that he tells us that in the hurried Christmas feast at Lion-sur-Mer in 1189 there was little time for singing *chansons de geste*—doubtless a record of his own disappointment. And when, at the very close of the expedition, he makes his way into the Holy City to pay his reverence to our Lord's tomb, it is under the wardship of Raoul Tesson, "a great lover of song and music": "Raols Tessons qui mult amoit notes et sons." He was present when Richard Cœur-de-Lion took Messina, "quicker," to borrow his own striking phrase, "than a priest could sing matins"; he was a guest at the great banquet which the same king gave to Philip and his French lords in his wooden castle of "Matte-Griffon" on Christmas Day, 1190; and he breaks out into an ingenuous rapture over the splendour of the scene, taking special care to note amidst all the glory of silver plate and richly carved goblets the homely English point that the table linen was of a spotless purity.

The "Song of Ambrose" does not contain so much absolutely new historical information as might have been expected. And this for a simple reason. Ambrose is one of those unfortunate authors whose legitimate fame has been stolen from them by a plagiarist. He had hardly given his poem to the world when an unscrupulous contemporary laid his hands upon it, and, after cancelling every passage in which the true author mentioned his name, turned it into Latin with a pompous introductory letter in which he, the translator, claimed to have written the whole work. This plagiarist had the assurance to go further still, and apologise to his readers for any deficiencies in style on the plea that his work had been written during the course of the Crusade itself. For nearly 700 years the laurels of this really great work—for such, judged from a twelfth century standpoint, Ambrose's poem is—have been resting on an impostor's brow; and now, at last, M. Gaston Paris has come forward to restore his proper honours to a long-defrauded man.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Life Work of Edward White Benson, D.D.* By J. A. Carr, LL.D.

THIS is an unpretentious biography of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Much of it might have been compiled from the files of the *Times*; and much use has been made of the Archbishop's own sermons and writings. But the quantity of intimate and special matter is not contemptible; and the book will stand good as a biography till a better and a fuller one is written. Benson was a born Churchman. As a child he was called the "little bishop," and his early passion for sermonising was such that he often harangued the silent machinery in his father's chemical factory. One is again and again impressed by a certain sweetness, freshness, and *naïveté* in the man. When he was appointed to the headmastership of Wellington College, then rising on its brown and breezy plateau, he said: "Who am I that I should be privileged to see Ambarrow every day of my life?" The Archbishop was an antiquarian. He was steeped in Church lore; and, reading his life, we come very near to the heart of the Anglican Church. When Archbishop

"he possessed a master key, which would open all the doors and gates in the cathedral; and sometimes when staying in Canterbury he would steal away from the Deanery, and shut himself up alone for a long while in the place known as 'Becket's Crown,' where is the marble chair of Augustine."

While this book does not alter or even raise our estimate of the late Archbishop as an ecclesiastical statesman, it familiarises and endears him as a man.

*Andrée and his Balloon.* By Henri Lachambre and Alexis Machuron. (Constable.)

NOTHING could be more precise and definite, or more clearly intelligible, than the portions of this book which deal with the scientific side of Andrée's expedition—the construction of the balloon, and the devices for overcoming the difficulties and averting the dangers which beset his attempt—and so far it is of the utmost interest; but, on the other hand, nothing could be less inspiring than the dismal sprightliness and spurious heroics by means of which the authors have sought to win popular interest and to excite the enthusiasm of the general reader. It was Andrée's misfortune that the initiation of his adventure was too nearly synchronous with Nansen's triumphant return. Besides, his method—whether because of its seeming crankishness or because it suggested a base evasion of the difficulties which traditionally beset the adventure—failed to win any considerable measure of popular sympathy. But the probability, which day by day grows stronger, that the expedition has already succumbed to the rigour of the ruthless North should by this time have rehabilitated the expedition in the public esteem.

It was on July 11 of last year that Andrée's

balloon made its start from Spitzbergen. Two days afterwards came the last winged rumour of it that the world of men has received; it had then made 187½ miles. The machine might be expected to remain afloat not more than sixty days. After that the little company of three must take to their feet and the toy boat they carried with them, and for food must trust largely to powder and shot. It is certain, therefore, that if the members of the expedition are yet alive they have already been for some months reduced to the plane of earth and to circumstances which justify keen anxiety on the part of their friends and of all who are open to the appeal of a splendid courage. But English hearts would warm so much more readily to "the hardy explorers" if the narrative were not interspersed with such hydras of sentimentality as this:

"When will he see again that charming Swedish girl, whose photograph which he has so often shown me, and carries next his heart. . . ."

"... What anxiety, what suspense, await that poor young girl?"

"But what joy will follow the glorious return of her beloved! What firm bonds of affection will bind them together after this long, hard separation!"

Oh! how I wish them this happiness with all my heart!"

So do we, but we should have expressed it otherwise.

*Legends of the Wheel.* By Arthur Waugh. (Arrowsmith.)

In this little book Mr. Waugh would do for cyclists what Mr. Norman Gale has done for cricketers. All the philosophy of the Ripley-road is here, and some of the humour, introduced by this motto:

"The legend comes full cycle now,  
And in our Age of Steel  
The New Ixion bends his brow  
Above the deathless wheel."

Considering how little the cycle does for literature or human nature, Mr. Waugh has made (for the cyclist) an interesting book, and has shown dexterity enough in rhyme and metre to merit the title of Laureate of the wheel. Best, we think, of his verses is the parody of Mr. Henley's "Song of the Sword":

"Winger of woman,  
Banishing petticoats,  
Bringing the female  
(Long since irrational)  
Rational dress.  
Ho! then, the polish  
And pride of my ministry.  
Ho! then, the gleam  
Of my glittering nickel-plate.  
Ho! then, the Park  
And the pleasure of Battersea.  
Ho! then, the hose  
Of my deftly-shod womankind.  
I, the ubiquitous  
Angel of Exercise,  
I am the Bike."

A man, however, must have more catholicity of taste than we possess before he can extend his approval of the Angel of Exercise to reading about it, except in makers' catalogues.

*Certain Tragical Discourses of Bandello.* Translated by Geffraie Fenton. Edited by Robert Langton Douglas. Tudor Translations. 2 vols. (D. Nutt.)

THESE little novels of Matteo Bandello, in the luscious euphuistic English of Geoffrey Fenton, are so rarely to be met with that Mr. Henley is to be thanked for including them in his admirable series. They are so suave, so simple and particular, so innocent of guile, yet at the same time marked by so pleasant an impropriety, as to make them most refreshing reading. Hardly any Elizabethan book could be named more foreign to Victorian literary methods. Take any passage:

"And albeit she was neither fyne in attire, sett out in robes of riche arraye, nor deckt with apparell for the decoration of her naturall beautye, yet appeared she no lesse precious in the eye of this gallande than if she had bene trimmed for the nonste in the same order that the poetes faine of the browne Egypciene, when she was broughte to lye wyth the Romaine capteine, Marcus Anthoninus. He fayled not to reiterate his haunte with an ordinarie trade to the streets of Janiquette, resolvynge his common abode or place of stage righte over againste her lodgings, whiche increased her doubte of that mistereye, till nature, that discusseth the darknes of such doubtes and bringes the most rude creatures of the worlde to be capable in the argumentes of love, revealed unto her the meanyng of that ridle, sayinge that the roundes and often tornes with vaylinge of bonnett, whiche the proude pirott made upon the dore of her fortresse, was no other thynge then the intisyng harmonie of the *Syrenes*, or other state, to allure or make her plyable to th' appetite of his will."

What leisurely times these lengthy periods imply! What hours of idleness to beguile! Thus do Bandello's stories wind their gentle, deliberate way through a world of appetites and dolours.

To Fenton's edition, which was published in 1567, and is one of the few instances where we feel the translator to be the equal of the original author, Mr. Douglas prefixes a serviceable preface. The reprint is dedicated to Mr. Meredith—"To George Meredith, these essays in an art wherein his achievement has made him illustrious." But it is a far cry from the superficiality of the *Tragical Discourses* to the profundity of *The Egoist*.

*Hints on the Management of Hawks, and Practical Falconry.* By J. E. Harting. (H. Cox).

It will probably be a surprise to many of our readers to learn that falconry is still practised at all; but not only will Mr. Harting's book convince them to the contrary, but so zealous a partisan of the sport is he that it may even make converts of them. Look at this glowing passage:

"Few persons, except those who have experienced it, can realise the feelings of a falconer when flying a hawk which he has tamed and trained himself. To see a brace of well-trained pointers or setters quarter their ground, stand, back, and drop to shot, returning from a distance obedient to their owner's whistle, is, undoubtedly, a grand sight, and one to gladden the heart of any man who has the faintest love of sport in his nature; but to see a falcon leave

its owner's hand, take the air, and mounting with the greatest ease, fly straight at the rate of a mile a minute, and then at a whistle, or a whoop, and a toss of the lure, turn in its flight and come out of the clouds to his hand, is to see a triumph of man's art in subduing the lower animals, and making them obedient to his will."

One rubs one's eyes on reading such a passage as that, in a volume dated 1898.

*The Monroe Doctrine.* By W. F. Reddaway. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE history of the Monroe doctrine from its first suggestion by Canning to its final development in the hands of President Cleveland is carefully and accurately told in this treatise. The author agrees with those who believe that the mind at the back of Monroe's famous message was that of J. Quincy Adams, and states the argument with much clearness. But he contends with unnecessary earnestness that this purely unilateral declaration of the American Government has not the force of international law. It comes within the sphere of the law of nations, only in this way, that while admittedly a nation may intervene between two others when its own integrity or peace or welfare is threatened, the world now has the advantage of knowing beforehand that the United States will regard certain acts as equivalent to such a menace. The American people, with unarmed hands sheltering the peace of a hemisphere, cannot help contrasting the lot of the New World with that of the Old. The result of that contrast is a passionate resolve to keep the blood tax from the Americas, and to see that the New World is not made a scene for the repetition of the feuds and the ambitions of Europe. They have seen how another continent has been parcelled out; how the doctrine of the *hinterland* has been pressed; and how certain it is that in a little while all the Old World quarrels, the dynastic bickerings, the race rivalries, the frontier disputes, and the standing armies of Europe will be mimicked and reproduced upon the soil of Africa, from Alexandria to the Cape. With this tremendous object-lesson before them, the Americans cling with redoubled faith to the policy formulated by Monroe. It is interesting and important to note how the language of the American Presidents has grown stronger with the growing strength of the States. Intervention, which Monroe spoke of as "the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition," Mr. Cleveland roundly denounces as a "wilful aggression upon the rights and interests" of America. But then Monroe spoke for eleven millions of people, and Cleveland for seventy.

*The Statesman's Year-Book, 1898.* By J. Scott Keltie, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE thirty-fifth issue of this annual contains several additions and improvements. For example, Mr. Keltie has introduced diagrams showing the rise and fall in imports and exports for the past twenty-five years in the British empire and in many of the countries with which we have large commercial relations. A map of West Africa, illustrating the Niger question, is another useful addition.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE LONDONERS.

By ROBERT HICHENS.

Here we have the "Society" Mr. Hichens pure and simple. The drawing-room occultism and brilliant tawdriness of *Flames* is forsworn. *The Londoners* is a very modern novel, and the characters are "smart." It is the merry, superficial, witty story of Mrs. Verulam, a pretty and charming widow who thought she was tired of Society, of her dainty struggles to escape, and her efforts to get Mrs. Van Adam (masquerading as a man) into the whirl. As Mr. Van Adam has divorced Mrs. Van Adam the task is difficult. But Mrs. Verulam is not deterred by trifles: "I hope your husband divorced you," she says, "for something American, such as wearing your hair the wrong colour, or talking without an accent." (W. Heinemann. 338 pp. 6s.)

#### COMEDIES AND ERRORS.

By HENRY HARLAND.

Twelve short stories by the author of *Grey Roses*, who has won his spurs as a teller—adroit and delightful—of little tales. Most or all of these appeared in the "Yellow Book," of which Mr. Harland was editor. The writer of *Comedies and Errors* has style, and a method all his own. (John Lane. 344 pp. 6s.)

#### YOUNG BLOOD.

By E. W. HORNUNG.

In this, his first book since that excellent story *My Lord Duke*, Mr. Hornung employs some of the methods of Charles Reade. One is reminded of *Hard Cash* again and again. The tale deals with the disappearance of an ironmaster, and his son's endeavours to make a living and track his father's enemies. The chief value of the book resides in Gordon Lowndes, a Micawber-like company-promoter; but Mr. Hornung is nowhere at his best. Even here, however, he has many merits above the average novelist, and his enthusiasm never flags. (Cassell & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

#### BETWEEN SUN AND LAND.

By W. D. SCULLY.

Mr. Scully's *Kaffir Stories* were a year or so ago welcomed as good work. Here he returns to his *koppies* and *treks*, with which, having been Civil Commissioner for Namaqualand, and special magistrate for Cape Colony, he is familiar enough. His book is strong meat. The first story shows the vicissitudes through which Max, a young Jew, had to pass before he could marry Susannah. The second is an epic of cattle. Mr. Scully has both cynicism and a power of vivid writing. (Methuen & Co. 294 pp. 6s.)

#### SECOND LIEUTENANT CELIA.

By LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

This is a very heavy book to hold, but, none the less, it offers light reading. It is modern and flippant and amusing. Celia is a tom-boy, who so loves her officer brother that she rides a bicycle in his flannels, and cuts her hair short, military fashion, and earns the nick-name which gives the story its title. Those who like tales of garrison life, and all the frivolities and heart-aches appertaining thereto, will like this book a good deal. And John Strange Winter, if she reads it, will realise that she has a capable rival. There are several smart illustrations. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 318 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### A WOMAN WORTH WINNING.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

Mr. George Manville Fenn's latest story is about a jealous husband whose feelings carry him to the point of injuring his suspected rival. The results are tragic. The supposed lover loses his reason and is sent to a private lunatic asylum by the remorseful husband. The disappearance of the wife is also explained. Though gruesome enough in its plot, the story is written with a light hand, and much of it is an amusing reflex of Society. (Chatto & Windus. 377 pp. 6s.)

#### BIJLI, THE DANCER.

By J. B. PATTON.

A romance of India by one who has an intimate knowledge of the native character. The love of a Pathan nobleman for a dancing girl is the central motive—indeed, the only motive. The subject is treated with dignity, the scene is laid at Ronáki, in Northern India, and the characters are all natives. A book for Anglo-Indians. (Methuen & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

#### A STOLEN LIFE.

By MATTHIAS McDONNELL BODKIN, Q.C.

Dr. Vivian Ardel is cycling along the Embankment. Casually, he dives into the river to save a beautiful girl who throws herself over the parapet (see frontispiece). At the Hotel Cecil the Doctor "tosses" the cabman a sovereign. "The smartest man in London!" says a clean-shaven Yankee, as the dripping girl-laden doctor flashes through the vestibule. "And the richest!" adds his wife. "And the handsomest!"—his daughter. The hero resuscitates the angel, orders the hotel about, plunges into his bath, and, emerging therefrom, hastily pencils "a luncheon menu at once, costly and substantial." And so on. (Ward, Lock & Co. 320 pp. 6s.)

#### THE LUST OF HATE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

A hot melodrama, compact of murders, hypnotism, hansom, and gold dust. The hero's hatred toward a gold digger who had stolen from him the secret of a mine is fanned by our old friend Dr. Nikola, the villain of the story; and Gilbert Pennethorne is led to believe that he has actually murdered his old enemy. Things are righted, and Dr. Nikola discomfited; but a series of murders of peers of the realm, each of whom is asphyxiated and denuded (each time in italics) of his left eyebrow, is among the preliminary horrors. When we leave the hero he is rapturously assessing the virtues of his wife—forgetting our fatigue. (Ward, Lock & Co. 283 pp. 6s.)

#### MISS BETTY'S MISTAKE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Miss Sergeant describes her novel as simply "A Story." It is just that and no more; it reminds us of certain tricks with a piece of string, wherein a vast tangle is made to disappear like magic. Miss Betty's is not the only mistake. A daughter loves a father who is not her father, and a mad mother who is not her mother. Miss Betty is betrayed. Love is tossed about on a sea of misunderstanding. And the result is only "a story": not a criticism of life. (Hurst & Blackett. 325 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN SHIP, MARINER.

By KNARF ELIVAS.

"In this, the autumn of my life, my dear children have many times urged me to set down, in such order as may be, the relation of those adventures, hardships, and mishaps through which it has pleased a gracious Providence to bring me scatheless." So it begins; and so—following familiar and honourable lines—it continues until the end, when he at last possesses "a wife beyond compare, tenderest of helpmates, sweetest of companions, dearest and truest of all women in the wide world." On the way there are, among other matters, the tortures of the Inquisition. (Sampson, Low & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### ACROSS THE SALT SEAS.

By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

The author of *The Hispaniola Plate* and *The Clash of Arms* is safe for a good story of adventure and fray. Here he offers yet another. The hero, who relates the tale, fought in the Netherlands in the reign of William III., and subsequently, under Anne, took part in the siege of Vigo and saw the death of many Spaniards. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's chapter headings are earnest enough of his brave methods: "Secret Service"; "The Taking of the Galleons"; "The Cowl does not always make the Monk"; "The Dead Man's Eyes—the Dead Man's Hands," and so on. (Methuen & Co. 333 pp. 6s.)

THE REV. ANNABEL LEE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan casts his story in the future, at a time when healthy men need to eat only once a week, and the religion of humanity has taken the place of Christianity. Then arises Annabel Lee, who has nothing to do with Poe's poem, and preaches the old creed, assisted in her crusade by Uriel Rose the musician. And in the end Uriel Rose is condemned to death and is thus the first martyr in the revival. A hectic, hysterical romance of the type called "spiritual." (C. Arthur Pearson. 255 pp. 6s.)

STORIES SWORN TO BE TRUE (SERIES II.)

BY A BARRISTER.

Here are seven stories in all, and truth now and then is stranger than fiction. The author's method has been to delve in old law reports for the skeleton of his work, and then fill in. The filling in might have been more generously done. (Horace Cox. 104 pp. 1s.)

ALL THEY WENT THROUGH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

A collection of very readable short stories and sketches. We selected "Thomas Jones's Trouble," and found it to be a description, by Thomas Jones, of the inconveniences he suffered in living near Timothy Jones. "T. Jones, of Hatchingdon Green," might be either the needy poet or the prosperous solicitor—hence the mistakes made by tallymen and butchers' boys and "hire system" collectors. When the local paper announced the "Mysterious Disappearance of Mr. S. T. Jones," and Chips—young Chips of the War Office—offered misplaced sympathy, then Thomas Jones's "Trouble" culminated. A more serious tone marks other stories in the book. (John Long. 316 pp. 6s.)

A BRIDE OF JAPAN.

BY CARLTON DAWE.

This is the story of an Englishman marrying—despite the sneers of his friends—a beautiful Japanese girl, daughter of a market-gardener. Briefly, it is a study of a mixed marriage and its tragic consequences. Daidai, the ugly old rice-grower, whom Tresilian had forestalled in the affections of Sasa-San, is a striking figure, prophesying woe and shame to Tresilian. Woe and shame come; but Tresilian proves that he can play the man as well as the fool. A very readable story. (Hutchinson & Co. 293 pp. 6s.)

YOUTH AT THE PROW.

BY E. RENTOUL ESLER.

This book contains ten short stories. The first and longest is called "The Philanderer." The philanderer is Roderick Weston, a barrister, who uses a poor but high spirited girl as his plaything while negotiating an advantageous marriage. His discomfiture when, fifteen years later, he offers himself as a widower to the girl he had disappointed is a good passage in a story which, as a whole, is well written. (John Long. 234 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF LOIS.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

This story, by the author of *Patty*, *The Red Glove*, &c., is dedicated to Mr. Gladstone. It is the story of Lois Ercott's determination to become an actress. Her father, an old Indian chaplain, is terror-stricken at the thought, but Lois and fate are too strong for him. Yet his fears for his daughter are well grounded; Lois meets success and a husband, only when she has met failure and a scoundrel. (John Long. 310 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*Poor Max.* By the Author of *The Yellow Aster*.  
(Hutchinson.)

THE author of *The Yellow Aster* has in her new novel attempted a difficult and exacting piece of work, and it is a pleasure to be able to congratulate her on her striking success. Max Morland is one of those characters who cannot be measured by the ordinary standards. He is an original; one of those personages whom the world likes to sum up in the word—"impossible." In writing the every-day history

of such a man, in treating him as a mere mortal, an author is in great danger of becoming either dull or hysterical, and it is no mean tribute to Mrs. Caffyn's (we drop a meaningless anonymity) art to say that *Poor Max* is readable from cover to cover, and that the "impossible" hero of the book is not only possible, but convincing.

When Judith married Max Morland she was completely under the spell of his charming personality. It was, after all, no wonder, for we, too, though we have only met him in cold print, have seldom come across a more attractive and altogether delightful man. When he talked—and he talked incessantly on every subject under the sun—she listened to the voice of a god. She placed him on such a high pedestal that a very little shake brought him down with a crash at her feet—a fallen idol. In one moment she discovered that she had never known him; at a single stroke she was called upon to revise all her estimates of his character. "For an hour did Judith sit without a move or an emotion, patiently forging on to the truth, her intelligence minute by minute expanding steadily and strangely."

It was a very bitter awakening, but it made a woman of her, and we like Judith better as a woman than as an unthinking, worshipping machine. Max was, she discovered after all, a child, which comes very near to being a god. He demanded and received from Judith continual watching, continual care, continual forgiveness. He was reckless and thoughtless; one of those perverse men of genius who deluge the world at large with brilliant epigrams, always forgetting that conversation, however sparkling, does not go far towards paying butchers' bills. He was a bundle of contradictory emotions, hopeless and beaten when brought face to face with life's realities, cringing helplessly before the cruelty of existence. And in spite, and a little on account, of all his manifest weakness, he was always charming, always attractive. Mrs. Caffyn has realised her hero most thoroughly, he is true to himself right down to his heroic death, and to readers of her book "*Poor Max*" will be for a long time to come a very pleasant and refreshing memory.

The other characters in the novel are, without exception, well drawn. Judith strikes us as being the least consistent figure, and we are quite unreconciled to her conduct after her husband's death; but Lady Grindal, Graves, Sandy, and the boys are all excellent. There is not a dull page in *Poor Max*, and this in spite of the fact that the action is very limited. The book is packed with smart sayings and delightful conversations, and it is altogether far above the common run of fiction. It is one of the few really clever psychological novels that can be read with uninterrupted pleasure.

\* \* \* \*

*Sunlight and Limelight.* By Francis Gribble.  
(A. D. Innes & Co.)

MANY books have made their market of that curious attraction which the middle-class public feels towards the naughty unknown of stage Bohemia. This is one of the least pleasant. "*Sunlight*" in the book there is none, or anything fresh and natural. It is all limelight, and limelight by no means of the first quality. Even when the characters begin to talk grandiloquently about "real life" and "pure art" you feel that it is all pose, and that they will swing back to their melodrama in the next sentence. If Mr. Gribble wrote with an idea of repelling the stage-struck, he should surely attain his end, for a more repellent, unwholesome world than the stage-world as he presents it can hardly be conceived. Mr. Clement Scott himself could paint the thing no blacker. The heroine, Angela Clifton, is a leading lady, run after by society and the newspapers, but fulfilled of vanity, and bereft alike of idealism and of the sense of honour:

"Whispers of the Master's assiduous attentions got abroad, but did not harm Angela in the world's opinion. There was no open scandal; nothing was known for certain. The fact that she always appeared in society without her husband caused no censorious comment. Not every one knew that she had a husband, and to those who did know it never occurred to include him in their invitations. For the rest, she was an actress, and actresses were allowed a certain license, so that it was only properly piquant that such reports, always provided that they were not too definite, should hover round her name. As Lady Breul said: 'If one believed everything that one heard about actresses it would be impossible to invite them to one's house, and so many men who hate parties can be got to come to Harley Street to meet them.'"

Moreover, Angela had at least laid the solid foundation of a virtuous renown by her attitude towards the Earl of Richborough. This white-haired veteran of gallant adventure had begun by offering



jewellery as a tribute to her talents. She had accepted the jewellery, in the spirit in which a queen will accept a present from her humblest subject; but when the donor explained, with all possible delicacy and courteous consideration for her feelings, to what proposals the presents were the prelude, she turned upon him, and declaimed her indignation in the manner of an injured heroine of tragedy."

The seamy side of the theatre is kept to the front throughout. Playwrights, actors, managers, patrons, and hangers-on, all alike, according to Mr. Gribble, are made up of all that is sordid, artificial, and sensual. Kisses and caresses are as common as "cues," and every man neighs after his friend's wife. We are given the outline of two or three plays, said to be the work of men of genius, but smacking most distinctly of the Adelphi; and the rest of the story circles around stage-doors and green-rooms, with a brief episode in the Engadine, where the engaging Angela seduces an Alpine climber in a snow-hut.

Mr. Gribble has undoubted talent. We trust he will see his way to exercising it on some more worthy subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Plain Living.* By Rolf Boldrewood.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

THE improbability which is inherent in the plot of this tale is no bar to its enjoyment. Harold Stamford, of Windaghil, is embarrassed. A dry season has depleted the sheep on his station. His banker has sent him an ultimatum. But when the night is darkest the dawn is nearest. Harold Stamford comes in for a huge fortune. But with his intense relief comes intense anxiety lest wealth should corrupt his home, lest luxury should sap the growing virility and sweetness of his boys and girls. He therefore conceals his good fortune through long years, until his children have passed the age of danger. Then comes the happy revelation. But in the meanwhile Stamford does not find it too easy to play his quaint rôle of needy man:

"He often smiled to himself as he found what an amount of conscientious reluctance to accept the unwonted plenty he was compelled to combat. Did he effect a surprise of a few rare plants for his flower-loving wife, she would calculate the railway charges, and ask gravely if he was sure he could afford it. Did he order a new riding-habit for Laura, a hat or a summer dress for Linda, they were sure they could make the old ones do for another season. It was interesting to watch the conflict between the natural, girlish eagerness for the new and desirable and the inner voice which had so long cried 'refrain, refrain!' in that sorely tried household."

The story is a piece of pleasant quixotism. It is a book to read once, and that merrily.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A Chapter of Accidents.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

WE are grateful to Mrs. Hugh Fraser for her amusing chronicle of mishaps. Two smart people go down to a country house in Devon bent on their own schemes, and the result is so disastrous that both at the end become more reasonable and goodnatured. Kitty is a delightful madcap, and the whole tale goes rattling through the probable and the unlikely with a very pleasant spirit. The book makes no pretence to be serious fiction. The two Londoners, indeed, are drawn with much insight; but the other inmates of the house—even the adorable Kitty—are mere trait portraits, with a gentle tinge somewhere of caricature. The style is neat and attractive; sometimes it even takes on the colour of epigram, as in the description of Alicia Marston—"a creature of small faults made unbearable by large patent virtues." High spirits in fiction are always welcome; and when these are joined, as here, with something of art and a very kindly humour, the result is acceptable to every reader.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Josiah's Wife.* By Norma Lorimer.  
(Methuen.)

"You married a devil, Josiah," said Josiah's wife, Camela. Nor was she far wrong. For, as appears in the opening chapter of the story, Camela was a perfect whirlwind of a woman, with the artistic temperament, an enormous capacity for discontent, and an uncontrollable desire to squeeze life dry. Camela's husband, Josiah

Skidmore, was a man whose best qualities did not strike the eye first. He was a teetotaler, a Seventh-day Baptist, and kept a ready-made clothes store, which was lucrative, but did not conduce to refinement of manner. One could scarcely imagine a worse matched pair. It is the task of the author to show how Josiah and his wife, after bickerings which led them to the eve of divorce, discovered that they were really very fond of each other. It is a difficult task to render credible the mingling of natures so antagonistic, and it is a proof of Miss Lorimer's skill that when we saw Camela in Josiah's arms we believed our eyes. Miss Lorimer prescribes foreign travel as the remedy for square-toed American storekeepers who cannot hit it off with wives of artistic temperament. First, Camela goes off for a year in Europe. She spends some time in Sicily, flirting—quite decorously—with Walter Norreys, an Englishman who is horribly afraid of compromising himself. There are some pretty pictures of Sicilian life and ways. When she returns, Josiah irritates her more than ever, and Cousin Mamie, who has been looking after the deserted husband's dinners, introduces a further complication. Then Walter Norreys, who has come to Boston on business, carries off Josiah to England, gives him a round of country-house visits, and teaches him a thing or two; while the American Courts are haggling over the divorce. On his return he meets his wife, dramatically. But instead of an ill-dressed man of admirable character, but no manners, she finds a man who has been fitted out by a West-End tailor, and knows how to behave. So she does not want to be divorced any more. Josiah has loved his wife all along; and that is how they reach one another's arms. It is a well-told story, with a good idea at the back of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Devil's Apples.* By Mrs. Lovett Cameron.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

LONG experience always means something in the making of fiction. Here is this story with a thin and threadbare plot, and with no characterisation worth speaking about; and yet, inasmuch as Mrs. Lovett Cameron has written many tales, she manages to keep our interest alive in the puppets to the end. To be sure, it is rather a mechanical sort of interest. We want to know what happens to the people, and see how the writer works out a climax which we are morally sure of from the beginning. The book is full of glaring faults. Blanche's progress from extreme healthiness of body and mind to homicidal mania is not made credible; Angus is an ugly little caricature; the hero is conventional beyond words; and the sentiment is always just on the verge of silliness. But to talk like this is to judge the work by a standard which it does not aim at. The average novel reader seeks a clear and well-developed plot, and does not trouble about originality; and if you add a facile grace of writing and plenty of wholesome reflections, he asks for nothing more.

## AFTER THE TOUR.

REMONSTRANCES FROM MR. ANTHONY HOPE AND MR. ANDREW LANG.

ONLY a week ago (remarks *The New York Critic*) we published a letter from Mr. H. G. Wells, in which he complained that his latest story, *The War of the Worlds*, had been grossly garbled, to meet the sensational needs of two American newspapers. To-day we print a card from Mr. Anthony Hope, protesting against the publication in this country of bogus interviews in which he was made to ridicule and decry the American people. We appreciate the compliment of being asked to set these gentlemen right in the eyes of the reading public, but regret that they should have been made the object of such gratuitous discourtesy.

"TO THE EDITORS OF *The Critic*.

"The American people need not, and, presumably, do not, care what I say about them; but I do care what they say about me, since I have received from them infinite kindness and an appreciation too generous. The reports of my utterances about America since my return are, so far as they have come to my notice, entirely inaccurate—I may say untrue. To the best of my recollection I have said nothing of what is attributed to me, and it in no way represents my thoughts; even if I had such thoughts, I trust that my manners would not be so bad as to allow me

to express them. Let me thank you, then, for refusing to 'believe that Mr. Hope is a cad' on the strength of these silly inventions; perhaps you will also be kind enough to refuse to believe, on the same evidence, that I am an ass.

I suppose it is not customary to attempt to sift paragraphs of this description in any way before publishing them as facts. If some such process is not altogether impossible in a newspaper office, it would seem to be desirable. In the present state of affairs a wise man treats all paragraphs as more or less amusing fiction; probably this is only taking them in the spirit in which they are offered by their ingenious authors.

London, March 2, 1898."

ANTHONY HOPE.

It will be seen from the following letter (the *Critic* continues) that Mr. Lang is more loyal than the king, resenting, in Mr. Hope's behalf, an expression which Mr. Hope himself takes in good part, as it was intended to be taken. He is disloyal, however, in assuming the possibility of Mr. Hope's having spoken as he was reported to have done—an assumption which we ourselves expressly repudiated.

"TO THE EDITORS OF *The Critic*.

The delicate question as to whether Mr. Anthony Hope is, or is not, a cad is raised by the *Lounger* (19th February). It is not for me to offer an opinion about nuances of manners, and 'cad' may be a desirable term to use in a journal of literature. But 'cad' carries certain school-boy associations which, in the land of its birth, rather unfit the term for critical employments.

Censures of this kind are usually in the air, when a foreign man-of-letters has paid a public visit to the United States. M. Paul Bourget did not wholly escape; Mr. Nansen was 'said to have abused us,' now Mr. Hope is a possible 'cad,' and but dubiously 'gentlemanly,' because he is reported to have said things about interviewers and feminine *gaucheries*. Whether he said such things in public or private, or not, I know not, but I do know that he was certain to be said to have said them, just like Mr. Nansen. And then there was sure to be excitement.

Foreign men-of-letters must know that these and similar amenities almost inevitably follow a public tour in the United States. It is easy to see why they make such tours—namely, for money; but not so easy to understand why the practice is encouraged on your side of the water. What has your side to gain? You can read Mr. Hope's books or any Briton's books at a moderate price, without leaving your firesides, and his books are the best things that the British or any other author has to give you. As an orator he is seldom distinguished. His personal beauty does not often warrant you in laying out money for the purpose of brooding fondly on his charms. Then what do you want with the foreign author—in the flesh? His strong point, believe me, is in the spirit.

We are so convinced of this that neither British nor foreign men-of-letters are run after in England, except occasionally by ladies who have not read their books—or any books. That kind of lady always loves to see a 'celebrity,' and, from some strange impulse of conscience, she generally tells an author that she has read none of his works, or she pays him a compliment on a book by some other person. These, at least, are the engaging *gaucheries* of the British woman who finds herself in company with a literary 'celebrity.' She thinks she must converse about his books, concerning which she is exhaustively ignorant. Conceivably this kind may also exist in America. There is a great flutter about an author, his moustache, boots, manners, and future performances, among people who have not opened any of his volumes. Do people of this kind make literary tours in America profitable? As to money derived from such exhibitions, *oh!* I wish British writers would 'swear oath and keep it with an equal mind,' never to visit your hospitable country as readers or lecturers. But, even so, do you think that they would escape the odium of being said to have said things?

'In the name of the Bodleian,' as Mr. Birrell impressively asks, what has all this tattle to do with literature?

St. Andrews, Fife: March 4."

A. LANG.

#### HAROLD FREDERIC.

For a recent number of the *Chap-Book* Mr. Stephen Crane wrote an appreciation of his elder brother in the art of fiction, from which we have extracted the following passages:

"It was my fault to conclude beforehand that, since Frederic had lived intimately so long in England, he would present some kind of austere and impressive variation on one of our national types, and I was secretly not quite prepared to subscribe to the change. It was a bit of mistaken speculation. There was a tall, heavy man, moustached and straight-glanced, seated in a leather

chair in the smoking-room of a club, telling a story to a circle of intent people with all the skill of one trained in an American newspaper school. At a distance he might have been even then the editor of the *Albany Journal*.

The sane man does not live amid another people without seeking to adopt whatever he recognises as better; without seeking to choose from the new material some advantage, even if it be only a trick of grilling oysters. Accordingly, Frederic was to be to me a cosmopolitan figure, representing many ways of many peoples; and, behold, he was still the familiar figure, with no gilding, no varnish, a great reminiscent panorama of the Mohawk Valley!

It was in Central New York that Frederic was born, and it is there he passed his childish days and his young manhood. He enjoys greatly to tell how he gained his first opinions of the alphabet from a strenuous and enduring study of the letters on an empty soap-box. At an early age he was induced by his parents to rise at 5.30 a.m., and distribute supplies of milk among the worthy populace.

In his clubs, details of this story are well known. He pitilessly describes the grey shine of the dawn that makes the snow appear the hue of lead, and, moreover, his boyish pain at the task of throwing the stiff harness over the sleepy horse, and then the long and circuitous sledding among the customers of the milk route. There is no pretence in these accounts; many self-made men portray their early hardships in a spirit of purest vanity. 'And now look!' But there is none of this in Frederic. He simply feels a most absorbed interest in that part of his career which made him so closely acquainted with the voluminous life of rural America. His boyhood extended through that time when the North was sending its thousands to the war, and the lists of dead and wounded were returning in due course. The great country back of the line of fight—the waiting women, the lightless windows, the tables set for three instead of five—was a land elate or forlorn, triumphant or despairing, always strained, eager, listening, tragic in attitude, trembling and quivering like a vast mass of nerves from the shock of the far-away conflicts in the South.

Those were supreme years, and yet for the great palpitating regions it seems that the mind of this lad was the only sensitive plate exposed to the sunlight of '61-'65. The book, *In the Sixties*, which contains *The Copperhead*, *Mansena*, *The War Widow*, *The Eve of the Fourth*, and *My Aunt Susan*, breathes the spirit of a Titanic conflict as felt and endured at the homes. One would think that such a book would have taken the American people by storm; but it is true that an earlier edition of *The Copperhead* sold less than a thousand copies in America.

*In the Valley* is easily the best historical novel that our country has borne. Perhaps it is the only good one. *Seth's Brother's Wife* and *The Lawton Girl* are rimmed with fine portrayals. There are writing men who, in some stories, dash over three miles at a headlong pace, and in an adjacent story move like a boat being sailed over ploughed fields; but in Frederic one feels at once the perfect evenness of craft, the undeviating worth of the workmanship. The excellence is always sustained, and these books form, with *In the Sixties*, a row of big American novels.

But if we knew it we made no emphatic sign, and it was not until the appearance of *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (called *Illumination* in England) that the book audience really said, 'Here is a writer.' If I make my moan too strong over this phrase of the matter, I have only the excuse that I believe the *In the Sixties* stories to form a most notable achievement in writing times in America.

It is natural that since Frederic has lived so long in England his pen should turn toward English life. One does not look upon this fact with unmixed joy. It is mournful to lose his work even for a time. It is for this reason that I have made myself disagreeable upon several occasions by my expressed views of *March Hares*. It is a worthy book, but one has a sense of desertion. We cannot afford a loss of this kind. But at any rate he has grasped English life with a precision of hand that is only equalled by the precision with which he grasped our life, and his new book will shine out for English eyes in a way with which they are not too familiar. It is a strong and striking delineation, free, bold, and straight.

In the meantime he is a prodigious labourer. Knowing the man and his methods, one can conceive him doing anything, unless it be writing a poor book, and, mind you, this is an important point."



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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN another column will be found the letters which, quite independently of each other, Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Andrew Lang have addressed to the *New York Critic* on the subject of irresponsible and misleading newspaper tattle about literary visitors to America. Both speak strongly, but whereas Mr. Hope confines himself in the main to his own grievance, Mr. Lang treats the scandal in the abstract. Feeling that Mr. Hope's views on the matter would be interesting to our readers, we asked him for some expression of them. He replies:

In regard to the matter on which you courteously offer me the opportunity of expressing my views, I have really very little to add. My letter to the *Critic*, although, I fear, a trifle irritable in tone, remains a true statement of the case.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that, with all respect, I differ from the opinion expressed in Mr. Lang's letter. If I had agreed with it, I should not have gone on my expedition; if I had been converted to it, I should not look back on my expedition with the satisfaction and pleasure that I now feel.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ANTHONY HOPE."

Mr. Lang, by the way, might have remarked upon the cordial hospitality and courteous public treatment that has always been extended to American writers privately visiting this country.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN, having finished other work which had more immediate claims upon his attention, is now able to devote his leisure to the completion of his biography of R. L. Stevenson. It will be published, we understand, in three volumes some time next year. Mr. Colvin purposes keeping the biography and letters distinct.

Volume I. will contain the Life, Volumes II. and III. the Letters. The article on Stevenson referred to below, which Mr. Colvin has written for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, does not anticipate the longer work. Owing to the exigencies of space Mr. Colvin's contribution to the Dictionary is little more than a sketch of Stevenson's career.

BUT, though only a sketch, it contains excellent reading. Mr. Colvin thus describes Stevenson's moods as an Edinburgh law-student:

"With high social spirits, and a brilliant, somewhat fantastic, gaiety of learning, Stevenson was no stranger to the storms and perplexities of youth. A restless and inquiring conscience, perhaps inherited from Covenanting ancestors, kept him inwardly calling in question the grounds of conduct and the accepted codes of society. At the same time, his reading had shaken his belief in Christian dogma; the harsher forms of Scottish Calvinistic Christianity being indeed at all times repugnant to his nature. From the last circumstance rose for a time troubles with his father, the more trying while they lasted because of the deep attachment and pride in each other which had always subsisted between father and son. He loved the aspects of his native city; but neither its physical nor its social atmosphere was congenial to him. Amid the biting winds and rigid social conventions of Edinburgh he craved for Bohemian freedom and the joy of life, and for a while seemed in danger of a fate like that of the boy poet, Robert Fergusson, with whom he always owned a strong sense of spiritual affinity."

MR. COLVIN has the following note on Stevenson's personal appearance:

"Stevenson was of good stature (about 5 ft. 10 in.) and activity, but very slender, his leanness of body and limb (not of face) having been throughout life abnormal. The head was small; the eyes dark hazel, very wide-set, intent, and beaming; the face of a long oval shape; the expression rich and animated. He had a free and picturesque play of gesture, and a voice of full and manly fibre, in which his pulmonary weakness was not at all betrayed."

CONCERNING Stevenson's life in Samoa, we read:

"In health he seemed to have become a new man. Frail in comparison with the strong, he was yet able to ride and boat with little restriction, and to take part freely in local festivities, both white and native. . . . His literary industry during these years was more strenuous than ever. His habit was to begin work at six in the morning, or earlier, continue without interruption until the mid-day meal, and often to resume again until four or five in the afternoon."

It is interesting to note that sixteen Stevensons are included in this volume, and that to Robert Louis Stevenson nineteen columns are allotted, as against twenty-nine to his fifteen namesakes. Mr. Colvin's article makes us eager for the biography of which it is a foretaste.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is represented in the papers this week by an official poem on the alleged disposition recently shown by America to co-operate with England against the old country's enemies. Here are four stanzas, which, though they may not be

very distinguished poetry, are the mellifluous statement of a very desirable condition of international amity:

"What is the Voice I hear  
On the wind of the Western Sea?  
Sentinel! listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the Voice may be.  
'Tis a proud free People calling loud to a  
People proud and free."

"And it says to them, "Kinsmen, hail!  
We severed have been too long:  
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as Lovedothlast,  
and be stronger than Death is Strong."  
Answer them, Sons of the self-same race,  
And blood of the self-same clan,  
Let us speak with each other, face to face,  
And answer, as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other, as  
none but free men can.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For, wherever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the Tyrant shall rock and quake,  
And his menace be void and vain;  
For you are lords of a strong young land,  
and we are lords of the main."

DEMOCRATIC followers of the Muse must have been glad to see that Mr. Alfred Austin did not favour the *Times* exclusively, but scattered these lines broadcast through the London papers. Yet not all the papers printed the poem. Does this mean that the Laureate did not submit his verse to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle*, or can it be that the editors of those papers —?

IN the late James Payn has passed away a nimble wit, a fluent, optimistic novelist, and one of the kindest and most popular men of his time. In no sense was he precisely great; but he knew his powers and limitations, and he wrote nothing all his life that did not add to the world's store of good-humour and sunshine. His novels amounted to upwards of half a hundred; and these by no means represent the sum of his literary activity, for he had contributed "Our Note Book" to the *Illustrated London News* since the discontinuance of Mr. Sala's "Echoes of the Week," he edited for many years *Chambers's Journal* and *Cornhill*, he acted as literary adviser both to Messrs. Smith & Elder and Baron Tauchnitz, and he reviewed many books for the *Times*. Mr. Payn's connexion with that paper was, by the way, peculiar, for the present editor, Mr. Buckle, was his son-in-law.

MR. PAYN's novels have vivacity and sentiment: to-day they are read probably only by people of an older generation—the young require stronger meat—but as stories, rather than "documents," studies in impressionism, and what not, such as it is the fashion now to prefer, they are excellent. *By Proxy* is enthralling; and *Lost Sir Mas-singberd* is not easily laid aside. As some proof of how entertaining his pen could be, there is the story of Mr. Payn (who was an excellent critic) offering a book to a friend at a club with the remark that it was one of the most interesting novels he had picked up for some time. The other, taking the volume, saw that it was an early effort of Mr. Payn's

own, a fact which the author himself had entirely overlooked!

In *Some Literary Recollections*, published in 1884, and *Gleams of Memory*, ten years later, Mr. Payn has told the story of his literary life as fully as need be. Both are delightful exercises in urbane garrulity and pleasant, cultivated humour—models of their kind. But the following story, told by Mr. Payn to a *Daily News* interviewer, does not occur in either, and is so dramatic as to be well worth repeating here. It refers to an experience when he was editing *Chambers's Journal*:

"The editorial room he occupied during his long connexion with the popular Edinburgh publication had long before the Chambers's time been a bedroom in which one or the other of two partners of a firm had for many years made a rule of sleeping. It was, in fact, a stipulation of the deed of partnership that one of them should sleep on the premises. In course of years, however, it became rather an irksome restriction upon their liberty, and in order to free themselves from it they agreed to take into partnership their manager, an old servant of the house, on condition that he would occupy the bedroom and so fulfil the requirements of the deed. The old servant was naturally very much moved by this recognition of his services, but pleaded that he had not the necessary capital to qualify him for partnership. As to that, it was only £500 that was necessary, and this the firm had decided to give him. And so the matter was settled. The trusty servant became a partner, and took possession of the room, in which he was found next morning with his brains blown out. He left behind him a letter in which he explained that all those years during which he had been so trusted he had been robbing his employers, and their great kindness had so filled him with remorse that he couldn't live under it."

MR. LANG's letter concerning William Barnes, which will be found in another place, will be a pleasant surprise to those of our readers who love the Dorsetshire poet, and were grieved to find so acute a critic as Mr. Lang depreciating him. But Mr. Lang has now "burned his faggot," and all is well. By the way, this would not be an ill time for Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. to prepare a selection of William Barnes's poems in a volume more portable, and therefore more companionable, than the considerable one that now holds his three series. Barnes is too homely for a library edition only; his best might well be offered in smaller compass. Would not his daughter, the accomplished lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Leader Scott," make such a selection?

We have received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—My attention has only just been drawn to a recent review in your columns in which your critic demolishes twenty-two minor poets at a meal, or rather in one article. Among the victims of this voracious appetite is a poor little volume of mine entitled *Rip Van Winkle, and other Poems*. As your representative has probably digested all of us by this time, and as your readers have probably done the same, I will only trespass on your space for a moment. Your critic states that he only discovered one savoury morsel upon my platter, a lyric entitled 'The Viking's Song,' which he

is good enough to quote four verses of. Curiously enough this poem was written when I was a boy of fourteen at the Charterhouse. It was sent to the school paper, and I was informed by our school editor, who had also a voracious appetite, that I had better desist from writing poetry since 'Poeta nascitur non fit.' In no wise daunted by contemporary criticism, for I never am, I forwarded the poem to the editor of the *Graphic*, who published it. The distressing part of this narrative, however, is to follow. The above incident happened twenty years ago. By induction nothing I have written since approaches my juvenile efforts, and twenty valuable years of my life have been wasted. Shall I throw up the unequal task of combating critics, Mr. Editor, or shall I pray for the time when I may have the privilege of demolishing twenty-two minor reviewers at a meal, I should say in a column? Trusting to your courtesy to insert this.—Yours obediently, WILLIAM AKERMAN. March 23, 1898."

MR. AKERMAN has our sympathy, but he does not state the case quite accurately. Our critic did not say that "The Viking's Song" was the only savoury morsel in the dish. He remarked that it was "among the best." Hence Mr. Akerman's exercise in inductive reasoning fails, and his twenty years of poetic assiduity are not a blank, and the minor reviewers are for a while safe.

To the new papers now in course of preparation—and it is safe to assume that some dozen are at this moment being planned—must be added the American *Judge*, an English edition of which is about to be issued. *Judge* is chiefly notable for its comic scenes of American-Irish and American-Jewish life, signed, if we remember aright, "Zim," which to some are quite the funniest humorous drawings on either side of the Atlantic. Its cartoon, though a powerful factor in American politics, is not likely to be much appreciated here.

CONCERNING Stevenson as fabulist a contributor to the ACADEMY had something to say last week, and now, in the revolutionary and progressive pages of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, we find further testimony to R. L. S.'s merits in that line, in the form of imitation. The experiments, which are by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, are so good that we quote two:

#### "MASTER AND MAN.

'Sir,' quoth the man, 'you treat me less mercifully than you would treat your dog.'  
'Doubtless,' replied the master; 'but then I have an affection for my dog.'

#### "THE NEW POET.

The new poet sat on a green hill.  
And they brought him tidings of the death of the King's cousin.

'Quite so,' quoth the poet. 'Here is a threnody.'

'Also,' said they, 'a princess hath been happily delivered of a male child.'

'I shall felicitate her highness in sweet verses,' said the poet.

'And,' they continued, 'it is now the time of the year for the putting forward of rhythmical trifles wherefrom the delicate few may derive delectation.'

'There is a bundle of such trifles,' the poet answered.

'And the people, the common people, that dwell in the shadows and are eaten up of penury and squalor and the cupidity of the mighty; it were meet that thou had'st some word for them.'

'Ah,' mused the poet, '... the dear people! ... I have nothing for the people!'

Mr. Crosland has a pretty gift of satire.

THE motor-car has found its laureate early. In the current *Cornhill* is a ballad by Mr. Conan Doyle, if not in honour, at any rate in celebration, of that new invention, which is spirited enough to give the art of recitation a brisk fillip. The story, which purports to be told by a groom, tells how his master, a true sportsman, bought, in a moment of aberration, a motor-car:

"I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—

A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.

You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,

For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop."

One day the car refused to budge, and a horse had to be brought from the stable to drag it home. The horse had long been a problem to the ostlers:

"We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part,

We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart;

For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,

It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of wot 'e 'ad to do,

But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.

'E looked a puffedick pictur, and a pictur 'e would stay,

'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away."

No sooner was this animal harnessed to the car than it began to move:

"And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow.

But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go;

For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,

And in less than 'arf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong."

And then "somethin' else went fizzywig, and in a flash, or less, that blessed car was goin' like a limited express"; while as for the horse:

"'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew

But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do;

It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im on ahead,

Till 'e broke the ten mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.

The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.

Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,

But 'e broke the ten mile record, and that's good enough for us.



You see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't!  
No more do we,  
Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail  
to see;  
That engine wore it off 'im before master made  
it stop,  
And all the road was littered like a bloomin'  
barber's shop."

Good comic verse is so rare that we offer Mr. Conan Doyle cordial congratulations on his new accomplishment. He has provided a pendant to the "One Hoss Shay."

MR. E. T. REED, continuing his researches in "Animal Land," in *Punch*, comes this week to his editor. Under the title of "The Punchiboss, or Ephsee Bee," Mr. Burnand is thus happily hit off:

"This humrous little Creature has a most commical brain—full of happy thoughts. He settles on everything directly you put it in front of him. He is awfully kind to children, so he gives me great enkurygment when I do my pictures nice enough, which is almost always now. He does buzz round you though and prod you up. He likes to get a good run on the boards sometimes. He has a skillful little way of knocking off a piece if it comes in his way and he is very strong in the wings. He has got a awfull clever lot of drawers and ritters together—all of them genyusses and types of english beauty. (I must get this put in sometime when he is away—he might not like me to berlek him after his politeness and forceheight in letting me beggin so young.)"

Meanwhile the report reaches us that the Punchiboss is fairly on the road to recovery from his recent illness.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON'S volume of verse, entitled *Porphyrion, and Other Poems*, comes to hand in a dainty format. The dedication of the book—"To Joy"—is rather puzzling. Is it a lady, or the feeling we experience this week in closing the correspondence on Round Towers? The title-poem fills the first sixty-eight pages, and for the benefit of country gentlemen who wish to know what "Porphyrion" is about, we quote the "Argument." It reads:

"A young man of Antioch, flying from the world, in that enthusiasm for the ascetic life which fascinated early Christendom, dwells some years a hermit in the Syrian desert; till, by an apparition of magical loveliness, his life is broken up, and his nature changed: returning to the world, he embraces every vicissitude, hoping to find and win the lost vision of that ideal beauty."

In a note Mr. Binyon explains that the poem is founded on a story of Rufinus told in the first chapter of *Historia Monachorum*, and reproduced by Mr. Lecky in his *History of European Morals*. But Mr. Binyon has adapted the legend to his own uses with great freedom.

An excellent bull is put on record by a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; the first bull that we have ever met which touches reviewing. "I sent," says this correspondent, "a review of a volume by an eminent Irishman to the editor of a popular Dublin paper. He replied that he had published my article, but could not pay me for it, as he wrote all the reviews in his journal himself! I considered the bull a fair substitute for the usual cheque."

THE Great Tongue of the Public has been wagging all this year on the subject—"Did Bacon write Shakespeare's plays?" The controversy has raged in back parlours as if it were a brand new heresy. We ourselves have felt the kick of it, and our readers would be grateful if they knew how many Shakespeare v. Bacon letters we have excluded from our columns. Of course this recrudescence is due to the anti-Shakespeare article published by a popular magazine last Christmas.

Now, on the eve of Easter, we are glad to give publicity to the following statement by Mr. Sidney Lee, which he calls, "Shakespeare and Bacon." May it calm the troubled waters!

"During the past eight months I have been the recipient of numerous communications directing my attention to the crazy theory that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays. This morning an obviously *bona fide* appeal is made to me for detailed direction as to how the question may best be studied. A serious treatment of the subject is difficult for one who has closely studied the authentic records of Shakespeare's life, the scantiness of which, as I hope I have made clear in my memoir of Shakespeare in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is a popular fallacy. Most of those who have pressed the question on my notice are men of acknowledged intelligence and reputation in their own walks of life both at home and abroad. I therefore desire as respectfully, but also as emphatically and as publicly as I can, to put on record the fact, as one admitting to my mind of no rational ground for dispute, that there exists every manner of contemporary evidence to prove that Shakespeare, the householder of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote, with his own hand, and exclusively by the light of his own genius—merely to paraphrase the contemporary inscription on his tomb in Stratford-on-Avon Church—those dramatic works which form the supreme achievement in English literature.

The defective knowledge and casuistical argumentation, which alone render another conclusion possible, seem to me to find their closest parallel in our own day in the ever popular delusion that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne. I once heard how a poor and ignorant champion of the well-known claimant declared that his unfortunate hero had been arbitrarily kept out of the baronetcy because he was a poor butcher's son. Very similar is the attitude of mind of those who assert that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays because Bacon was a great contemporary philosopher and prose writer. The argument for the Baconian authorship, when stripped of its irrelevances, amounts to nothing more than this."

MR. MEREDITH'S influence would seem to be increasing. A foundling recently discovered in North London and carried to the Islington Workhouse has been named by the *Guardians* "Clara Middleton." Can this be a belated birthday compliment to the author of *The Egoist*?

SWEET are the uses of adversity: "By Commercial Company's Cables: New York, Monday, March 28. Probably if the French Court of Appeal grants M. Zola a new trial he will come to America to give fifteen lectures at 20,000 francs each. A telegram

was received here this morning from him accepting these terms."

WHILE America is offering M. Zola francs, England continues to offer sympathy. A number of English women, who are perhaps somewhat rashly described as "representative," are putting their signatures to a letter intended to console M. Zola. The letter lies for signature at the house of Mrs. Edwin Collins, 12, Albert-road, Regent's Park, N.W.

M. HANOTAUX is no longer merely the French Foreign Minister, he is an Academician. One finds a new interest, therefore, in the facts of his life and his daily habits. M. Hanotau is a bachelor, and a retiring one. He has chambers at No. 258 the Boulevard Saint-Germain—a busy thoroughfare, but pleasant, near the Sorbonne and Latin quarter, and convenient enough for the Chamber. M. Hanotau's flat is on the fifth floor. "Eh bien!" he will exclaim, "one might do worse." Fresh air, sunshine, and silence are to be had best in cities on a fifth floor. M. Hanotau has them. He prefers his cosy den to drawing-rooms and cafés. In its appointments it proclaims the pensive disposition of its owner. The bookshelves are well laden, and include the books of Daudet, Bourget, Pierre Loti, Maupassant, and others. Poetry, philosophy, and travel are represented; and besides these modern books there are, in a second room, old and rare ones of which M. Hanotau is very proud.

M. HANOTAUX'S reception into the Academy has, doubtless, a political aspect; but it is interesting to learn that he owes his rise in life to his pen. The story is thus told by a contemporary:

"Fifteen years ago the modest salary of three pounds a week tempted a youthful schoolmaster in one of the educational establishments of Paris to scribble for the newspapers to alleviate an existence more honourable than prosperous. Fortunately the lynx-eyed Gambetta was the editor of the paper chiefly chosen for these effusions, which were striking, and the writer was placed on one of the bottom rungs of the ladder at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The young man was Gabriel Hanotau, born in a notary's office in Picardy. For the next ten years little was heard of him outside of Ministerial circles. There, indeed, his quality was known and expectations formed. It only wanted the given moment to bring out the silent worker into the glare of public life. That moment came when M. Charles Dupuy looked everywhere about him for a capable Foreign Minister, and could find none. By a happy inspiration his eyes turned towards the man who, by force of sheer toil and perseverance, had mastered all the mysteries of the Quai d'Orsay, and was known to be as ambitious and masterful as the great Richelieu, whom he had taken as his guide, counsellor, and friend."

A VERY interesting autobiographical sketch of Mr. Walter Crane—a work of true modesty, enriched by illustrations of his very various artistic accomplishments, painting, drawing for books, designing pottery, designing wall paper—constitutes the Easter Art Annual for 1898, that being the new extra number of the *Art Journal*.

Some of the pictures are in colours, some in photogravure.

HARD upon our reference last week to *The Heart of Midlothian* come vols. xii. and xiii. of the charming Temple edition of the Waverley Novels, which are filled by that story. The volumes have an excellent biographical note by Mr. Clement Shorter, and a reproduction of the portrait of Scott in the uniform of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons. At the same time we have received *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe* in Mr. Fisher Unwin's new edition. Its chief merit lies in completing each novel in one volume, but the reader's eyes have to suffer for the concession.

THE fact that the whole of the *édition de luxe* of Mr. Murray's definitive edition of Byron—250 copies—has been over subscribed is proof of the interest still taken in the poet, for it must be remembered that Mr. Heinemann's edition has also many followers.

THE *Daily Chronicle's* correspondence on our prison system was enlivened by a candid and amusing letter from one gentleman who described his experiences as a debtor committed to Holloway. Literature may be a hard task-mistress, but she reserves consolations for her votaries in the hour of their distress. Hear this:

"I was escorted by a policeman to Hammer-smith, and there deposited in an evil-smelling cell, where I was left for five hours. I beguiled the time by reciting Shakespeare, some of whose plays I know by heart. Beginning with 'Hamlet,' I went through 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and was half through 'Othello' when the key turned in the door, and I was marched out with several others to the police-van."

ARRIVED at Holloway this literary debtor was asked his occupation:

"As I am addicted to writing verse, I replied, 'a poet.' I thought this would both fully account for my inability to pay the poor rates, be a veiled satire on society agreeable to my own cynicism, and illumine with a grim humour that melancholy company of recruits to the ranks of criminals. In the latter expectation I was not disappointed. A ripple of weird laughter passed along the line."

We should think so. But beneath the humour of the incident—which seems to have been enjoyed by no one more than the incarcerated author—there is a sad suggestion of the old *régime* of authorship—Dr. Johnson's "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol."

PROF. SCHENK, of Vienna, has concluded his work upon sex, in which he explains his method of determining sex before birth. Precautions have been taken to prevent any possibility of the nature of the discovery leaking out before the publication of his book. We have not yet seen any announcement as to an English translation.

THE arrangement of the two volumes of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*, will be somewhat different from that which has always been followed here-

tofore in collected plays, for Mr. Shaw has his own views about the printing of work intended for the stage: he holds that the mere printing of the prompt copy is insufficient, and that the institution of a new art is necessary. In accordance with this idea Mr. Shaw has replaced the customary meagre stage directions and scenic specifications by finished descriptions, physiological notes and comments of considerable length.

THE publication of Mrs. Craigie's "sentimental comedy" in four acts—"The Ambassador"—has been postponed until the autumn, when Mr. George Alexander will produce the play. He will appear in the title-rôle. The play was not read to Mr. Alexander, or submitted to him, till it was quite complete and ready for the printers. He has secured all the dramatic rights. The book rights have already been arranged for in England, the Colonies, and the United States.

THE Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., has consented to preside at the Booksellers' annual dinner, which will be held at the Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday, May 7.

GREAT things are expected of the International Art Exhibition which will be opened at Prince's Skating Rink on May 7. Mr. Whistler will be responsible for the arrangement and decoration of the galleries. Many distinguished artists have promised to contribute.

ON Saturday, April 30, at four o'clock, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, will read from his poems in the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. The selections will be "A Dialogue at Fiesole" and the third and fourth scenes of the first act of "Savonarola."

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have just received the following interesting letter from Colonel Howard Vincent, C.B.: "I am greatly obliged to you for the copies you were so good as to send me of your excellent book, *Scarlet and Blue; or, Songs for Soldiers and Sailors*. They seem to be extremely well adapted for the purpose, and I shall not fail to put them into use. . . . I earnestly hope that by united exertions we may succeed in inducing the British soldier to take to singing on the march, and to teach him some sensible songs for the purpose. We are a century behind Russia, Turkey, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Spain in this matter. I am strongly of opinion that the man who leads a song on the march should be let off 'guard,' or given some indulgence, when a regiment arrives in camp." Yet we believe it to be the fact that English soldiers do sing a little. If they do not sing much, it is because the national temperament is against it.

THE proprietors of the Unicorn Press have arranged to publish, under the name of "The Unicorn Quartos," a series of books, each containing new and hitherto inedited work by some one artist. *A Book of Giants*, drawn, engraved, and written by Mr. William Strang, will form the first volume. *The Dome* is about to enter on its second year.

## IN APPRECIATIVE MOOD.

I.—MR. J. G. FRAZER.

MR. FRAZER'S monumental work on Pausanias must give him an assured position throughout Europe in the ranks of classical scholars. The history of the book is a curious one. Originally it was undertaken for Messrs. Macmillan, soon after Mr. Frazer took his degree, and was planned on a comparatively small scale. Then Mr. Frazer fell under the influence of that pioneer in the scientific study of religious conceptions, Prof. Robertson Smith, and began the wide course of anthropological reading which bore such magnificent fruit in *The Golden Bough*. This was published in 1891, and Mr. Frazer turned to the earlier scheme, which had now become something of a burden upon his conscience. He set to work with characteristic thoroughness, but had not reckoned with the immense mass of material that fell to be dealt with. The book grew under his hands, and time went on until, as the author himself tells us, he had spent upon it "well or ill, some of the best years of my life." Two journeys to Greece were necessary to get the local colour and to verify archaeological details; and the result is another masterpiece and a second distinct reputation.

Nevertheless, folklore was Mr. Frazer's first love, and to folklore it may be conjectured that he will now return. Possibly a new edition of *The Golden Bough* may now be called for, and in the background there lies the comprehensive study of religious ideas to which the preface of that work hopefully alludes. A stupendous task; but of all men living Mr. Frazer, with his firm grasp of far-reaching ideas and his vast appetite for facts, is perhaps the most likely to achieve it. *The Golden Bough*, indeed, was an epoch-making book. It has been ransacked, alike for theories and for illustrations of theories, by a score of followers. And it has set the model for such admirable work as Mr. Sidney Hartland's *Legend of Perseus*, in which, as in *The Golden Bough*, the method adopted is that of analysing the constituent elements of a particular myth or custom, and explaining the psychological state of mind in which these originated by a comparison, not only with other survivals of them in mythology, but also with savage states of society in which they may be still vital and effective. The particular custom which served as a starting-point for Mr. Frazer was a local cult at Aricia in Italy. Its object was a "golden bough" that hung on a tree in a sacred wood, and was guarded by a priest who had won his place by the surprise and murder of his predecessor, and was himself liable at any moment to a similar fate. The explanation of this curious institution carried Mr. Frazer over a wide field. The nature of priesthood, the nature of sacrifice, the nature of taboo, the various forms taken by tree-worship and by the worship of the vegetable world generally, all fell to be discussed; and all were handled with a remarkable lucidity and an unusual power of throwing masses of unwieldy material into a logical and attractive form. Over



certain parts of his survey Mr. Frazer had had able predecessors. Mannhardt had collected and correlated many facts with regard to the religious ideas connected with trees and crops. Prof. Robertson Smith, in his great book on *The Religion of the Semites*, had thrown a flood of light upon the nature of sacrifice and the primitive conceptions of deity which it implied. But it was left for Mr. Frazer to give the first complete picture of what may roughly be called the Agricultural religion, the group of customs and beliefs to which men who live mainly by tilling the soil seem everywhere naturally to have come. Such a method of study as is employed in *The Golden Bough* implies, of course, something of an abstraction. As men passed out of the hunting or pastoral into the agricultural stage, they did not solemnly lay down one set of religious ideas and take up another. But, as in geology the study of individual strata must precede the study of the changes by which strata in turn supersede each other, so must such work as Mr. Frazer's on particular phases of the world's religious history precede the full reconstruction by which the whole process of that vast development may ultimately be revealed.

Besides *The Golden Bough* and *Pausanias*, Mr. Frazer has published a little book on *Totemism*, which is really an expansion of an article on the subject contributed to Prof. Robertson Smith's *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Until now he has held a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, which has been three times extended to allow the enterprise now completed to proceed unchecked. Mr. Frazer does not intend to leave Cambridge; but he has recently married, and will, therefore, pursue his unwearying labours in some other home than that "tranquil court of an ancient college" to which he refers in an eloquent passage, quoted recently in the ACADEMY, at the close of his preface to *Pausanias*.

## II.—MR. ARTHUR SYMONS.

THIS writer, born in 1865, is the author of some half-dozen books, including *Days and Nights*, *Silhouettes*, *London Nights*, and *Amoris Victima* in verse, with a *Study of Browning* and *Studies in Two Literatures* in prose. As poet, he is always dexterous, neat, adroit, singing and celebrating trifles, either elegant or squalid, in an accomplished and highly limited manner. His is entirely emotional verse, unconnected with the loftier sides of life and art: he gives us lyric notes upon fantastic, evanescent things of a day, an hour, a moment. His technical ability and taste often invest the comparative nothings of his muse with a true charm, and his touch upon inanimate nature is often of the happiest. Yet, for the most part, he writes upon the life and scenery of the streets, the stage, the Bohemias and Alsatis of the day, with too little humour and humanity to be a poet of fine distinction. The themes of Rossetti's "Jenny" and of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Une Marquise," with many a similar theme, appeal to him; but his treatment seldom rises above a graceful and ingenious prettiness of an elaborate artifice, somewhat subtle and cold. "Ingenuous" is the word for this verse:

the execution, the emotion, are alike equally clever, often of an astonishing cleverness; but when we have enjoyed and admired once, we are apt to have done with it for ever. And that is a strange truth to have to confess about a disciple of Browning and Verlaine, each, in his intensely living way, so personal, human, fascinating.

But what we miss in Mr. Symons's verse we find plentiful in his prose. He possesses, in a degree uncommon among English critics, the personal vision and apprehension of books, men, places, which makes French criticism so fresh and vivid a thing. His reader need not agree with him; but when he has read Mr. Symons's account of the West of Ireland or of Moscow, his view of an Elizabethan English or of a contemporary French writer, even his personal impressions of the slightest, least positive kind, the reader feels that Mr. Symons could not have taken him more completely and effectively into confidence. Books, men, places, affect Mr. Symons both strongly and sincerely; he will not write of them with loose phrase and vague æstheticism, but always with anxious pains to find words commensurate with his precise feelings. There is probably no French master of style in modern times unknown to him; and French masters have been of greater service to him in the *ars pedestris* than in the *ars poetica*. For good writing he has an absolute enthusiasm and a prompt discernment, and he loves to write well about it. Certainly, he is one of the critics whose writings about others' writings are, so to say, dramatic and creative, true confessions and a piece of personal history; and that, with no self-intrusion nor preciosity. He should go far in this field of literature; he is the very man to give us a series of essays upon literary movements in France, from the romantics to the naturalists, the naturalists to the symbolists. Flaubert, Baudelaire, Gautier are figures "made to his hand." And though poetry should be to him but a pleasing *parergon*, let us not, in our preference for his prose, forget how pleasing it can be at times. For example, this "Wanderer's Song," which Mr. Symons published in last week's *Outlook*:

"I have had enough of women, and enough of love,  
But the land waits, and the sea waits, and  
day and night is enough;  
Give me a long white road, and the grey  
wide path of the sea,  
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and  
the heartache still in me.

Why should I seek out sorrow, and give gold  
for strife?

I have loved much and wept much, but tears  
and love are not life;

The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to  
my blood cries up,  
And the sun shines and the road shines, and  
the wine's in the cup.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough  
of mirth,

For the way's one and the end's one, and it's  
soon to the ends of the earth;

And it's then good-night and to bed, and if  
heels or heart ache,

Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and  
sleep too deep to wake."

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### XII.—AN AUNT.

"I HAD no idea that Ibsen was seventy," said my aunt. "I always thought he was a young man. Certainly I was always given to understand that he was quite a new writer."

My aunt prides herself on keeping abreast of the times, though she is verging upon her seventieth year. Every three months or so she comes up to London from a small provincial town, mainly with the object of discovering what books a woman of culture should be reading.

"I have never seen any of his plays," she continued. "Why is that? I have seen Pinero's plays, and Henry Arthur Jones's, at Canterbury. Don't the touring companies act Ibsen's plays?"

"I don't believe they do," I said. "But you can read them. They're published."

"I shouldn't dream of reading a play," said my aunt, drawing her skirts away from the fire. "I can't read Shakespeare. You might just as well" (here she looked round the room over her spectacles for a simile)—"you might just as well smell a picture as read a play. But from all I hear, this Ibsen is rather a—a—an improper old man, isn't he? Still, at my age—"

"Well, you don't look it," I said.

"Ah, but I feel it," she said. "It isn't that I can't get about nearly as well as ever, because I can. But every time I come up to London now I find people are talking about some fresh writer that I've never heard of, and when I get his book and read it, well, I don't understand it. I really don't. There!"

She looked at me over her spectacles.

"Now who is this Mr. Phillips they're talking about?" she asked. "He's very young, I suppose."

"Quite young. I sent you his poems," I said.

"You did," she replied. "And I read them. But I don't think—I don't think you want any *new* poetry when you are growing old. I haven't really liked anything since 'Crossing the Bar,' and I think I shall stick to Tennyson. One doesn't quite realise how beautiful 'In Memoriam' is until one begins to grow old. And I *am* growing old."

She looked thoughtfully into the fire a few moments, and then continued more cheerfully.

"Tell me, who is this foreign person people are writing about—Omar something or other?"

"Omar Khayyam. Well, he was a Persian, and he is dead, and he has been much translated. He is very pessimistic and very soothing."

"A black man," said my aunt. "I don't want to be soothed in my old age by a black man."

"Not black," I said. "A Persian, a member of the Aryan—"

"It's the same thing," said my aunt.

"Well, what about novels?" I asked.

"There are lots of good novels written nowadays."

"Oh, I don't mean to say," said my aunt, "that I can't appreciate the younger writers."

Crockett, for instance, I love; and that book of Barrie's about his mother made me—well, it made me want to kiss him. But what has become of Rhoda Broughton? I think *Red as a Rose is She* was one of the sweetest books I ever read. So was *Belinda*."

"And, what did you think of *The War of the Worlds*?"

"Oh, it's too absurd. I can't think what people see in that Mr. Wells. I know I'm getting an old woman, and I dare say I'm behind the times; but fancy people coming here from another planet. Fancy! It's too ridiculous. Why, it's not possible."

My aunt leaned back in her chair and set her feet upon the fender, looking at me with some severity through her glasses.

"There never has and there never will be a novelist like Dickens," she said. "How well I remember him putting up at the inn opposite our house—you know the place. It must have been some time in the sixties, because Edmund was in knickerbockers, and I remember he had torn them horribly. And Dickens came out while they were feeding the horses in the stable, and sat on the shafts of the carriage, and I ran and got the opera-glasses and looked at him through them at the window, and he noticed me, and put up his two hands—just like opera-glasses, and looked at me through them. Ah, well, I don't suppose there will ever be a novelist like Dickens again. *David Copperfield* and *Little Dorrit*—ah! but I am an old woman now. Let me see, what was the name of the new man you said I must read? George Gissing? Well, put the book in my bag."

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THIS new volume of Victor Hugo's correspondence throws no fresh light upon the man's character, and can hardly be described as an added glory to his name. The letters are interesting to read, but they only tell us what we already knew of Victor Hugo: that he was a hard worker, an admirable husband and father, an indefatigable letter-writer, and an adept courtier of that capricious sovereign, popularity; a trifle histrionic in his attitude to his friends, who cover the whole of Europe almost; wholly Napoleonic towards the rest of his literary brothers. Whenever a young man sends him a volume of verse or prose, he at once writes back to him: "Young man, you have a great talent, a generous heart, a noble mind. Give me your hand." When it is a lady who courts his approval, he thus addresses her: "Madame, you are all grace and charm; that is to say, you are a woman. Permit me to kiss the charming hands that have written such beautiful things, and behold me respectfully at your feet." Or he tells her that he fears he is in love with her, but takes refuge in contemplation of his grey hairs. He never writes to anyone outside his domestic circle (where he is always delightfully tender and affectionate) as a simple mortal. We are never permitted to see the poet otherwise than athwart the shadow of his reputation. He

always seems to address us in front of his own statue, and cannot forget for five precious minutes that he is "the greatest poet of the century." There is nothing extraordinary in this, for it would require a simplicity and modesty Victor Hugo was far from possessing to have forgotten for an instant such a flamboyant reputation as his. Intellectual kingship is the most difficult to wear, and the sublime attitude inevitably touches the ridiculous.

Are we nearer than we dared to hope to the happy period foretold, when the poet of the future is to be an amiable young man hymning the joys and sorrows of guileless love? My faith! I begin to think so, and that it is the novelists who are starting the pleasant movement. This week I receive two fresh and charming novels, as clean as dew, as honest as laughter, where the men have no mistresses, the wives no lovers, and where nice innocent youths fall blithely and honourably in love with sweet, innocent maids, marry or mourn as fate may permit, and remain beautifully faithful even in the most hopeless separation. *Le Refuge*, by André Theuriot, is a refreshment and a delight. It is not a strong or an original novel, but it is most charming, with a fresh and delicate sentimentality that makes us, at this hour of the day, gratefully rub our eyes, to assure ourselves that it is really written in elegant French and wears the familiar yellow cover. What will be thought of a French aristocrat, a lad of twenty-one, handsome, wealthy, who is as pure as a child, and utters to the girl he loves these naïve and un-French sentiments:

"The old priest who was my tutor used to say that we should marry young, and a girl of our own age. That, he said, was the best method of loving long and religiously. It is my opinion too. Only I mean to marry to please myself. I am not ambitious; I care neither for fortune nor rank; I should choose an honest and pretty girl of my own age, with my own illusions, and I should say to her: 'Let us begin life together; let us love one another, and remain closely united to the end, both in the good and in the bad days'."

This the ingenuous lad does in the pleasantest manner possible. The girl is not his social equal; she is poor into the bargain, and is saddled with an objectionable father. But nothing is of any consequence to Feli except his love. He is even ready to wait four years, as the French law only recognises the son's right to marry to please himself at twenty-five. Then comes the intrigue. Pretty Catherine gave her hand to Feli's father before the radiant vision of this Prince Charming, believing that friendship is enough in marriage. Her favourite novel is *Jane Eyre*, and she naturally regards her middle-aged lover as a modified Rochester, with whom, however, the *blasé* and elegant nobleman has nothing in common. When he broaches his declaration, she asks herself with a shudder of terrified joy: "Is he going to speak to me as Rochester spoke to Jane?" Happily not. He woos delicately, but most unintelligently. He goes off to Turin on his son's business without revealing his engagement, leaving Catherine in

the hands of a resplendent and romantic youth, with April in his eyes and sunshine in his smile. The result is inevitable, and, to dispose of the jealous and recalcitrant nobleman, the author remembers the ending of the *Mill on the Floss*. The flood rises near Catherine's house. Feli is beforehand in rescuing the beloved, and the disappointed father is washed into eternity, thus removing the obstacle to the lovers' happiness. The scenery and local atmosphere are very prettily handled, and the style sober and finished. Not a great novel assuredly, but like the air of the woods we breathe is M. Theuriot, perfumed, fresh, a little wild, with a gratifying taste of innocence.

More interesting as a story, resembling more our English novel, *La Forêt d'Argent*, by Alfred du Pradeix, with whose name I am not familiar. Here, too, the mistress and the French lover are absent. The hero is a viscount in reduced circumstances, who earns his bread as an *employé* on a Parisian railway-line. He is a nice, melancholy young man, highly-bred and sentimental. It is proposed to marry his dearest friend, a scientific sage, to a young lady of fortune in the provinces. The viscount, on the pretext of shooting, goes down to the country, is invited to the castle by the girl's father, a resplendent admiral, who keeps open house, and at his table mingles the luxuries of the far North with those of the South and the remote East. His daughter is an exotic beauty, brilliant and bewildering, who nourishes a secret passion for the villain of this novel. The villain is overcharged with a hint of melodrama, and mars rather than adds to the interest of the tale. But it is all so brightly told, so vivid and light and softly sentimental, that in these harsh times we are disposed to swallow even the villain without a murmur. The viscount, of course, discretely loves the maiden, but breaks his heart in silence while his friend marries her. The friend dies of distracted love; and the beautiful widow and the faithful viscount are united "after long years of grief and pain." One of the prettiest light novels I have read for a long while.

H. L.

#### THE WEEK.

THE shadow of Easter is on the publishing world. Books are few and miscellaneous. Booksellers, we learn, are busier in taking stock than in selling it. Reviewers are sending in their holiday addresses on post-cards. The printing presses are slowing down.

BUT—there appears to be always room for a new dictionary. Messrs. W. & R. Chambers have just put forth their *Chambers's English Dictionary*. The volume is in imperial octavo, and contains over 1,250 pages arranged in double column. This dictionary is distinguished by the clearness and largeness of the type in which it is printed. It is claimed that



the vocabulary is "exceptionally copious." In addition to ordinary words, phrases such as the following are included and explained: *Argon, power of the keys, patter-song, Mrs. Leo Hunter, log-rolling, gilt-edged securities, and new woman*; also idiomatic phrases, such as *to find one's legs, to knock into a cocked hat, to know the ropes, &c.* The editor, Mr. Thomas Davidson, thinks the Dictionary "will satisfy the plain man, and supply some answer to the thousand and one questions that arise before him as he threads his way through the crowded wilderness of words." The Preface continues:

"His [Mr. Davidson's] aim has been to include all the common terms of the sciences and the arts of life—of astronomy, physiology, and medicine, as well as of photography, printing, golf, and heraldry. Obsolete words imperishable in Spenser, Shakespeare, the Authorized Version of the Bible, and Milton; the Scotch words of Burns and Scott—of the heather, if not the kailyard; the slang words of Dickens and the man in the street; the honest Americanisms of Lowell and Mark Twain; the coinages of word-masters like Carlyle, Browning, and Meredith; provincial and dialect words that have attained to immortality in the pages of the Brontës and George Eliot—to all these the editor has opened his doors. It is not his to judge whether a word is, or is not, to be added to the treasury of English, but merely to register such words as have been spoken or written, and to give an honest and unprejudiced explanation of their meaning, and, if possible, of their origin."

SOCIOLOGY is a vast and pressing subject, and, therefore, Mr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg's *Introduction to the Study of Sociology* ought to be a useful work. Mr. Stuckenberg is the author of an *Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*, a *Life of Immanuel Kant*, and other books. His present work answers exactly to its title: "an elaborated system of sociology is not attempted; but the purpose is to lay the basis for sociological study—to designate the study involved—and to aid the beginner in the solution of these problems." Three classes of readers have been in the author's mind:

"First, that large class of professional men and other persons of culture who have had no instruction in sociology, but are desirous of obtaining an idea of its nature and materials, and of pursuing its study privately. . . . Second, students who have no sociology in their collegiate course, but realise that without it their education and their preparation for life are incomplete. Third, teachers of social science who desire a compend as the basis of their instruction, or who, while lecturing on sociology, want a manual in the hands of their students."

Mr. Stuckenberg has arranged his book on a very definite plan. He gives ten chapters, and the problem to be solved is stated at the beginning of each.

A RIPE old angler is Harry Druidale, who describes his angling experiences for the last twenty years in an illustrated volume entitled *Harry Druidale, Fisherman from Manxland to England*. The book is chiefly concerned with trout-fishing in Yorkshire, Wales, and the Isle of Man.

IN *A Tour Through the Famine Districts of India*, Mr. F. H. G. Merewether "has, as far as possible, merely hinted at the awful and gruesome sights and scenes which it was his lot to witness, and which certainly any word-painting of his would fail to accurately portray." These sad spectacles are, however, brought to the reader's eye by means of photographs.

MR. WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS's laborious translation of Wagner's prose works has reached its sixth volume. This contains Wagner's essay on "Religion and Art."

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### HALFPENNY HUMOUR.

THERE is just now a "boom"—the word can be useful—in cheap humorous papers. They are multiplying like flies in August. One wonders who reads them, but the wonder vanishes when one sees a street of small houses. They percolate into these. The boys and girls buy them and loudly dispute their merits. The tired father condescends to look at them after tea, and is amused. These halfpenny sheets are masses of funny or would-be funny pictures. Their humour is brief and broad, and turns mainly on personal injuries. Before we examine a budget of these papers we will give a list of some we have been able to collect within twenty-four hours. These are:

*Funny Cuts.*  
*The Funny Wonder.*  
*Larks!*  
*Dan Leno's Comic Journal.*  
*The Monster Comic.*  
*Comic Cuts.*  
*Jokes.*  
*The Comic Home Journal.*  
*Illustrated Chips.*  
*The Halfpenny Comic.*  
*Comic Bits.*  
*The World's Comic.*

Need we apologise for drawing attention to a literary demand which, however remote from our readers' tastes, can only be satisfied by such an array of prints as the above? Unquestionably many of these papers have large circulations. They are seen in the train and the tram-car. Their blatant contents—bills and advertisements grin and jibber in the street. To seek any variations in them would be absurd. They are as similar as their names. Burglars and wild-beasts, dynamite, bicycles, and automatic machines are responsible for the more boisterous humour; and the regulation pretty girl and high-collared snob for the inanities. *Larks* gives its readers a sequence of pictures illustrating an elephant adventure at Barnum's. We spare our readers the pictures, but here are the "legends" to them:

"(1) Our three lodgers went to Barnum's Show last Saturday, and got among the elephants. 'Don't this one like 'aving his trunk

smoothed down, neither?' said Snoddy; 'see—he sorter curls it up when I strokes it.'

(2) Well, Tuppy and Winky left Snoddy still cuddling that trunk, and whatever do you think they did? They went and bought a dozen buns, and then, in a quiet spot, peppered 'em like winking till the very look of 'em made you sneeze.

(3) Then placing one or two unpeppered ones on top, they hid them back to Snoddy. 'Ere, Snod,' said Winkle, 'give the s'elephant a few buns. I should like ter see 'ow they ketches 'old of anything with them trunk affairs.'

(4) 'Why, I do believe you're 'arf afraid of the animile,' gurgled Snoddy, as he came to the first doctored bun; 'come closer, you sillies, 'e won't 'urt yer. Why, I never—'

(5) But just then there came a wild shriek from the snout of the angered elephant, the ground shook, the fat lady trembled, the skeleton fell through his trousers, the freaks freaked, and Snoddy felt himself raised mountains high—

(6) And that elephant—oh, the game he had! He was just like a blessed whirligig, with poor Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle for the 'osses."

Meanwhile *Funny Cuts* regales its readers with a mad bull sequence, and *Jokes* makes the eyes of the groundlings twinkle with the story of a traveller who brings the butt of his musket down on a lion's tail, thinking it to be a snake, with results which are only temporarily disagreeable to the lion. In *Comic Cuts* one is faintly amused by a couple of burglars who bring every instrument known to their craft to the exploitation of a safe. Their indignation is complete when they discover that they have brought dynamite and jemmies to open a safe which proclaims on its front that it was "made in Germany." We accordingly behold the senior practitioner opening the "biscuit-tin" with an ordinary tin-opener held in one hand. One is amazed by the brutality of halfpenny humour. Collisions, duckings, scrimmages, and attacks by bull-dogs are of its essence, and the cat on the tiles is its symbol for ever and ever.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE BURNS SUPERSTITION.

SIR,—In the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of the 23rd instant there is a short report of what appears to have been a very interesting lecture of Mr. C. E. S. Chambers's on the story of the publishing firm of which he is the present head. In that report I find the following statement: "In connexion with the *Life of Burns* he had the diary of Robert Chambers in his tour of the Burns localities; but he would be afraid to publish it now. It would excite a controversy, and it would be a pity to disturb the romance that encircled a great name."

Now, Mr. Chambers has said either too much or too little. For Mr. Wallace, to whom he entrusted the revision of Chambers's *Burns*, has so thoroughly revised Robert Chambers's estimate of Burns that he has revised it out of existence: the statements which he has preferred being utterly in the teeth of those of Robert Chambers. Robert Chambers tells you, indeed,

that the charges of intemperance have been "greatly exaggerated." But he can do nothing except deplore "one serious frailty"; he affirms that "there was a defect in Burns which no number of years would have ever enabled him to remedy, and this was his want of a vigorous will"; and, notwithstanding every desire to qualify and excuse, he is compelled to own that Burns "was unable to exercise a control upon his own passions in the smallest thing." Finally, he remarks that "it must ever be a fearful problem, how such a being is to stand towards the rest of society, how he is to get his living, and how he is to observe one half of the sober maxims of conventional life." In other terms, Robert Chambers's opinion of Burns is, in substance, very much my own: that he was a sort "of inspired faun" and a "lewd, amazing peasant of genius." With Chambers, as with Lockhart, "I am glad," as I have said elsewhere, "to agree that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes"; only that somewhere is not put by me so hopelessly near to moral ruin as it is put by Robert Chambers.

But when you turn to the new issue of Chambers you find that, without scruple, without apology, without the smallest explanation, without even the faintest hint that such a thing is being done, Robert Chambers's deliberate and careful estimate is blotted out of history, and you are introduced in its stead to the "figmentary Burns" of Mr. Wallace: a Burns so impossible that of him Robert Chambers, with everyone else who knows anything of human nature and has any belief in what he knows, would pronounce that his like never walked the streets of Dumfries, and (in effect) is not to be found out of Mme. Tussaud's. It is, in fact, quite impossible (so entirely unregulated by reason is Mr. Wallace's estimate of Burns) to give an analysis of that estimate, and it must suffice to state that it results in this final inference: "Time only was wanting to realise his design, and Time was denied him. But, though lack of time stopped achievement, it could not alter the noble basis of character on which Burns was working when the night came in which no man can work"—which, of course, means—what?

Of course, too, Mr. Wallace, in his preface to the *Dunlop Correspondence*, affirms that in a certain letter Burns "effectually disposes in advance of the modern theory that he was 'an inspired faun' and a 'lewd peasant of genius.'" Does this letter, then, also dispose of Robert Chambers's statements and Robert Chambers's diary, which Mr. C. E. S. Chambers tells you he is "afraid to publish"? Or was he also afraid to show it to Mr. Wallace? And if Mr. Wallace has seen it, and has rejected its statements, is it fair, either to the public or to Robert Chambers, to allow such a stain to rest on Robert Chambers's memory as is implied in the inference that his estimate of Burns, which Mr. Wallace is allowed to suppress, and which is virtually to be excluded from all subsequent editions of his book, was founded on untrustworthy information?—I am, &c.,

March 28.

W. E. HENLEY.

## DIALECT.

SIR,—When I wrote a letter on dialect in poetry, in reply to some observations of Mr. Quiller-Couch, I had not read more of those observations than was quoted in the ACADEMY. All the Scottish lion was stirred in a bosom usually tranquil, and I ventured to defend the literature of Alban against that of the Somersetas. But Mr. Quiller-Couch quoted, in his article, such a beautiful poem of Mr. Barnes, in the Somerset dialect, that I must ask leave to withdraw my remarks. Mr. Barnes, in those, and doubtless in other verses, put dialect to its proper use, and, though I still think the literature of Scotland richer than that of Somerset, I burn my faggot as far as Mr. Barnes is concerned.—Faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

## ROUND TOWERS.

SIR,—“Inquirer” has conferred too much honour on my brief communication to you. He has used a sledge hammer to drive home a tin tack.

The fact is, some of my early years were spent under the shadow of the Round Tower at Brechin; and I have naturally ever since taken some amount of interest in the subject of Round Towers, both in reading and inspecting a few of them in Ireland. It therefore appeared somewhat singular to me that your reviewer, when noticing O'Brien's book, had not given some prominence to a very probable surmise as to the use of these towers.

I am not an archaeologist by any means, but possessing in some slight degree the bookseller's faculty of remembering all he reads, I recalled to mind the chapter dealing with the subject in Joseph Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times* (1881), where he endorses Dr. Petrie's views; and the absence by your reviewer to any reference to his conjectures was my sole reason for writing you.

I do not now propose taking up the cudgels on behalf of his theory—which, all the same, I believe in—but will leave the matter to be settled by “Inquirer” and others, who know far more about the subject than I do.—I am, &c.,

March 28.

DAVID STOTT.

SIR,—Referring to the correspondence on this interesting subject, it is a matter of regret that, like many other questions of historical importance, the “Round Tower” controversy has never yet been satisfactorily cleared up. We may or may not be the losers by the absence of any definite information, and it would, therefore, be better perhaps for all disputants to endorse the words of the writer of an article that appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for August, 1835, and which is quoted at the commencement of the introduction to a new reprint of this book just issued:

“When all is dark, who would object to a ray of light merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? And if those Round Towers have hitherto been a dark puzzle and a mystery, must we scare

away O'Brien because he approaches with a rude and unpolished but serviceable lantern?”  
—I am, &c.,  
R. A. E.

March 28.

[This correspondence, which, judging by the letters we continue to receive, might last till Lammastide, must now cease.—Ed.]

## NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

SIR,—A good deal is written in denunciation of what is called “Newspaper English.” Some of it would be more to the point if there were no such thing as progress, as elasticity, as growth, in a living language, distinguishing it from the majestic immobility of the dead tongues. The following quotation is not an example of “newspaper English” (an ill phrase, that, in itself by the way), but it is a sweet example of the way in which the most censorious may go astray:

“An understanding with Russia; that would be a policy. An insistence upon the open door; that would also be a policy, though, according to our view, a dangerous one. But to harp on with ‘Keep open, Sesame,’ when Sesame is being barred and bolted; that is mere futility.”

The influential London journal from which the above is taken evidently thinks that “Sesame,” in some language or another, signifies a door! Yet it needn't so much as have gone to that neglected compilation the *Arabian Nights* to correct its quite idyllic ignorance. The encyclopædic Brewer would have steered it off the rocks: so, most likely, could any average school-girl, thanks to Mr. Ruskin!—I am, &c.,

Dulwich: March 26.

T. B. R.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

“Simon Dale.” MR. ANTHONY HOPE's latest novel is recognised as a departure from his usual *genre*; and, on the whole, he is credited with a doubtful success. The *Athenæum's* critic is the most lavish of praise. He prefaces his review by a column and a half of remarks on the difficulties of writing a good historical novel. It is after stating these difficulties that this critic writes:

“Anthony Hope has very nearly obtained a complete triumph in his *Simon Dale*. He has chosen an excellent period for the action—the time of Charles II., known to us by Mr. Pepys and Comte de Grammont, an audacity in itself deserving of success; and the audacity is all the greater and all the more successful inasmuch as he obviously imitates Dumas' method in his narrative, and actually brings in Louis XIV. himself, as Dumas did in *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*. Charles II. is excellent; he is witty, good-humoured, and, at the same time, a king, even when he allows himself to be mocked by Rochester or Buckingham; Rochester and Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York, all live in our writer's pages, and the more vividly for his narrative. . . . As for the hero, he is a perfect hero of romance—he is brave, witty, adventurous, and a good lover, and he succeeds in the difficult task of narrating his own prowess without a suspicion of priggishness. . . . Perhaps the least convincing part of the



narrative is the hero's calf love for Nell Gwynne. It does not ring quite true, but it serves as an excuse for a great deal of Nell, who is the most charming coquette imaginable. For the rest, the story is rapid and most excellently told."

From the *Athenaeum* to the *Referee* may seem a far cry; but the *Referee*, though not a literary organ, prints careful reviews; and in this instance its critic is at war with his brother of the *Athenaeum*.

"Is it possible to fix a standard of comparison for the criticism of novels? I think not. When I say that Mr. Anthony Hope's new story is not so good as one might expect, I mean to compare Mr. Hope with himself, for *Simon Dale* (Methuen) is better at any rate than the generality of novels. To begin with, the author's wit is as nimble as ever, so you may be sure that this is not a dull book. The story, however, is not so animated as it should be; and although Mr. Hope, in introducing historical personages into his narrative, is innocent of any literary offence, his romance of the Restoration has not the sense of lifelikeness. Curiously enough, it has not the plausibility which is characteristic even of the most fantastic of Mr. Hope's novels. This is disappointing, for one would say that a writer so distinguished for imagination and elegance and raillery could hardly have hit upon a period more agreeable to his fancy; yet his Charles II., his Louis XIV., and his Nell Gwynne, who are all prominent characters in the intrigue of *Simon Dale*, are but the historical personages of a fancy dress ball."

The *Westminster Gazette's* critic also indulges in rather lengthy remarks on the traditions of the historical novel. He thinks that Mr. Anthony Hope, while not departing greatly from these, makes the most of them:

"His model is Dumas, and none could be better. He has one qualification for following the master which many of his competitors have not. He writes admirable dialogue and can develop his story out of it. The dialogue of *Simon Dale* is a delight to read, pointed, witty, brilliant, and from a literary point of view unflinching in dexterity and finish."

But the review has a mild sting in its tail. After describing the story, the critic becomes admonitory:

"We will tell no more of the story, but send the reader to the book, which he will find full of incident and invention. In short, it is done extremely well, and a vast deal of literary skill is employed on it. Yet, without being in the least ungrateful, we are not quite sure whether we would not rather in future that Mr. Hope devoted himself to something else. The historical novel does not give him scope for those peculiarly original gifts which made his mark in certain of his earlier books, and which are as yet unexhausted. We look to him yet for that polite comedy of modern life which he seemed to promise us a year or two back. Meanwhile, *Simon Dale* has great merits, and cannot fail to be popular."

The *Daily News's* critic is laudatory. Remark on the excellence of Mr. Hope's dialogue, he writes:

"How good, for instance, is this bit of talk between Simon and Nell Gwynne, when the latter has to tell her friend and half-lover of the scheme that has been made for getting Barbara Quinton away from Dover Castle."

'Do you carry a message from him' (that is,

the Duke of Monmouth) 'to me?' Simon asks Nell Gwynne.

'I did but say that I knew a gentleman who might supply his needs. They are four: a heart, a head, a hand, and perhaps a sword.'

'All men have them, then.'

'The first true, the second long, the third strong, the fourth ready.'

'I fear, then, that I haven't all of them.'

'And for a reward —'

'I know. His life, if he can come off with it.'

Nell burst out laughing.

'He didn't say that, but it may well reckon up to much that figure,' she admitted.

'You'll think of it, Simon?'

'Think of it? I? Not I!'

'You won't?'

'Or I mightn't attempt it.'

'Ah! You will attempt it?'

'Of a certainty.'

"William Shakespeare: a Critical Study." By Dr. George Brandes.

THE importance of Dr. Brandes' contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare is not disputed.

The *Times's* critic makes out a list of the qualifications which go to the making of a Shakespearean critic:

"It is of no use for anyone to attempt to write comprehensively on such a theme as Shakespeare unless he possesses several endowments which are uncommon when taken singly, very rare indeed in combination. He must in the first place, if he is to satisfy the demands of the modern historical spirit, have a very exact and full knowledge of Shakespeare's life and times, of the literature which was then coming into being, of the books which the poet must be supposed to have read, and of the plays which he had probably seen. He must, of course, know his text, and have mastered the best results of modern chronological study as applied to it. Lastly, he must be a man of sound critical sense, which, after all, in such a case differs very little from common sense; he must eschew metaphysics, and have no moral *parti pris* — which is as much as to say that he must be a very different person from the eminent Germans who, forty or fifty years ago, led the fashion among the Shakespearean critics. Whether it is equally necessary for our modern scholar to be steeped in the writings of these gentlemen and of the other commentators is much less certain; in fact, he may afford to neglect the vast majority of them, and to regard at least three-quarters of existing Shakespearean literature as a negligible quantity. Dr. George Brandes has all or nearly all these qualifications."

The *Daily Telegraph's* reviewer amplifies Dr. Brandes' qualifications as follows:

"Dr. George Brandes, of Copenhagen, is no mere German scholar. We know that he has devoted a life-time to the study of English literature, and has understood with rare critical insight the extraordinary combination of antagonistic elements which goes to make up our character. 'Norman and Saxon and Dane are we'; we have taken lessons from the Renaissance, we have understood the Pagan attitude towards nature, we have tried to copy classical ideals, we have caught some of the languor and fervour of the South, we have pondered life's problems with the German, and we have laughed and been sceptical with Rabelais and Voltaire. When Dr. George Brandes writes about Shakespeare he seems to understand better than any foreign commentator of recent times how all these discordant trains of thought and feeling were united in our great representative poet."

The *Standard's* critic finishes the portrait. He thus describes Dr. Brandes' method:

"No one takes in at once the entire meaning and significance of a Shakespearean play. To be able to do so in the fullest possible manner it would be necessary to possess the insight, the power of appreciation, the information, and the desire for further knowledge which distinguish Dr. Brandes. When was the play produced, what is it made of, whence do the materials come, what sort of man was the author of these materials — thus in his critical mind, one inquiry leads to another, so that in considering 'Julius Caesar' and the character of Caesar, Dr. Brandes takes us from Shakespeare to Plutarch and the three *Lives* on which the play is founded; from Plutarch's writings to Plutarch himself, and the difficulty which this thorough Greek (who not only was ignorant of Latin literature and the Latin language, but ignored them) would feel in doing justice to Caesar's high qualities; from Plutarch to Mommsen, who judged Caesar from the Roman point of view; and, finally, from Mommsen back to Shakespeare."

This critic concludes with an effective compliment to Dr. Brandes simply as a literary artist:

"In addition to his other merits Dr. Brandes is a wonderfully attractive writer. At the beginning of his first volume, the striking manner in which he gives Shakespeare his historical place in literature — born in the year of Michael Angelo's death and of Cervantes' birth — will at once arrest the reader's attention; and every reader will thank him for placing at his disposal, in so orderly a manner and so agreeable a style, the treasures of his vast erudition."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, March 31.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

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#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In the April number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Charles Whibley reviews Mr. Frazer's monumental edition of Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, under the title of "The Oldest Guide-Book in the World." In the same issue a Scotch gentleman, who conceals himself under initials, gives some recollections of the days, now long distant, when he wore the black uniform with the silver death's head and cross-bones of the Brunswick Hussars, "Les Chasseurs de la Mort," as Napoleon's soldiers called them.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days a romance of adventure, by Mr. Victor Waite, entitled *Cross Trails*. The story is a sketch of the "Remittance Man" of our colonies, and the motive the tradition of the loss of a Spanish treasure-ship.

THE world has been, and must be, without an authorised life of Thackeray, owing to the novelist's expressed distaste for a biography. But his life is in his books, and of each book a memoir has been written by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, his surviving daughter. These memoirs will form the introduction to the Biographical Edition which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have in preparation. This edition, containing additional material and hitherto unpublished letters and drawings, will be issued in thirteen monthly volumes, beginning with *Vanity Fair* on April 15.

SIR GEORGE ROBERTSON, K.C.S.I., who was at the time British Agent at Gilgit, has written a story of Chitral from the point of view of one actually besieged in the fort. The book is of considerable length, and is a connected narrative of the stirring episodes on the Chitral Frontier in 1895. It will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the autumn.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. will publish, towards the end of April, T. Nash's *A Spring Song* (1600), with illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke, printed in colours by Edmund Evans.

MESSRS. LUZAC & Co. have bought the library of the late Dr. J. Legge, Professor of Chinese at the University of Oxford.

THE April number of the *Antiquary* will contain articles on "Ancient Wall Paintings," by George Bailey; and on "Old Sussex Farmhouses and their Furniture," by J. L. André.

THE publisher of *Trewinnot of Guy's* is Mr. John Long, not Mr. James Bowden, as we stated last week.

MISS ANNA KATHARINE GREEN's new novel is called *Lost Man's Lane*. It presents a second episode in the life of Amelia Butterworth, some of whose experiences have been already told in *That Affair Next Door*.

A SECOND edition of Dr. Whyte's appreciation of *Father John of the Greek Church* is now in the press, and a translation into Russian has been undertaken by Col. E. E. Goulaeff.

THE *Portfolio Monograph on Greek Bronzes*, to be published by Messrs. Seeley & Co. in the middle of April, is written by Mr. Alexander

Stewart Murray, keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, author of *Greek Sculpture under Phidias*, &c. The number will be illustrated mainly from the collection of Bronzes in the British Museum, and will contain several that have not been previously reproduced.

*The Honourable Peter Stirling* is the title of a novel by Paul Leicester Ford, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish immediately. It deals largely with political life in New York, and is attracting considerable attention there.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. have projected another series of books. It will deal with country life, and be called the *Haddon Library*. There will be works on angling, gardening, and similar subjects.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will issue in the course of the next few days *Two Hundred Years: the History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1698-1898*, by Rev. W. O. B. Allen and Rev. Edmund McClure, the secretaries of the society. The work is largely based on the records, letter-books, reports, and minutes of the society since its foundation. The early history of the plantations in America, the beginnings of missionary work in India, the emigration of the Salzburg exiles, the early steps taken to provide education for the masses and religious instruction for the seamen of the English Navy and merchant marine, and the first attempts at prison reform made by it, are fully dealt with.

THE Guild of Handicraft (Essex House, Bow) announce that they are about to publish a translation of Benvenuto Cellini's treatises on goldsmiths' work and sculpture, by Mr. C. R. Ashbee. This work, which has never yet been translated into English, is intended to serve as a companion volume to John Addington Symonds's translation of Cellini's Autobiography. The translation is based upon the Marcian Codex, that being the original version of the treatises, as Cellini dictated them to his amanuensis, but which he withdrew from publication, and which did not appear till the middle of the present century.

THE first edition of *The Book of Genesis in Basque*, translated by Pierre d'Urte, who was in England in the reign of George the First, was published at the Clarendon Press on June 1, 1894. A new edition, for the pocket, will shortly be issued at a nominal price by the Trinitarian Bible Society. Being intended for popular reading, its orthography has been modernised; and the few textual improvements, which will be seen to be absolutely necessary, have been made—that is to say, some slight alterations, omissions, or additions—to bring the version into conformity with the French of Calvin and the general style of the Basque author himself. The MS. at Shirburn Castle evidently never benefited by his personal revision.

*Saunterings in France*, a new artistic and practical guide-book, will shortly be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.



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